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TO THE POLES BY AIRSHIP

WRIGHT

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To,
The University of California
With great respect.
Allen Kendrick Wright.



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To
My Boys
and the millions of other
YOUNG PEOPLE
who are standing on the threshold
of America's Golden Age—every horizon
aflame with promise, and the accumulated
glow of centuries to come, illuminating
the pathway that leads to the land
of the
MORNING,
this volume is affectionately inscribed.
Allen Kendrick Wright.

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Sincerely Yours.

W. W. Wright
Montgomery

To the Poles by Airship

OR

AROUND THE WORLD ENDWAYS

By
Allen Kendrick Wright



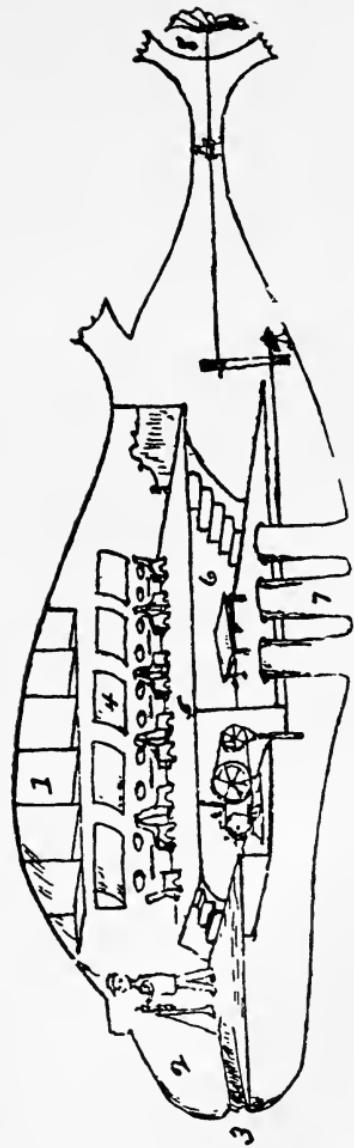
SECOND EDITION

1910
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Los Angeles, Cal.

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1910
BY A. K. WRIGHT

THE WORLD
MANUFACTURED

AIR SHIP NEW ERA
SCALE 1:10



1—Vacuum Chamber; 2—Pilot House; 3—Entrance; 4—Sleeping Berths; 5—Observation Section;
6—Dining Room; 7—Telescopic Lens Bottom; 8—Propeller.
New Era is built of Aluminum.

273586

“We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and wondrous time,
In an age on ages telling—
To be living is sublime!”

—Coxe.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be.

Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales.

—Tennyson.

Cloud-continents swing at anchor,
Where backward curves the sky;
Headlights gleam as flashing comets,
From airships sailing by.

—Wright.

Preface

This book stands without a rival. Occupies a field absolutely new. Offers to the reader three things which every manly man and every womanly woman has longed for, does now long for, will hereafter long for.

First—A trip around the world endways, for which fortunes have been pledged and scores of human lives sacrificed.

Second—A voyage thru the air, over lands unexplored—seas unknown.

Third—Chemicals from the laboratories of nature for the solution of the mightiest problems that have challenged human attention in all ages, together with the material for the most wonderful pictures ever gazed upon by human eyes.

The gates of America's golden age are ajar; let us enter.

THE AUTHOR.

Introduction

Three unmeasurable advantages necessarily attach themselves to this voyage:

First—Our magnificent speed—325 miles per hour—brought scenes and incidents of the voyage so close together that they appear on the canvas of memory as a flash-light of the world by instantaneous method.

Second—We were able to study by contrast the difference and influence that climatic conditions make upon plant and animal life, as well as zone influence upon civilization, and indeed upon the race of mankind.

Third—Traveling above the earth with adjustable-telescopic-lens-windows, we saw, not simply a ribband or strand of landscape immediately adjoining our pathway, but practically a continent of width, with mountains, plains and waterways in sublime and entrancing panorama.

With these advantages clearly in mind, let the reader enter the last chamber of Discovery in the physical temple of planet Earth.

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SAILING ON TOGETHER.

If I have you and you have me,
Why should we be caring,
We will sail life's summer sea,
Joy and sorrow sharing;
Bravely meet the swelling tide,
Whate'er the wind or weather,
Swiftly outward safe we ride,
Sailing on together.

A sapphire vault the sky above,
Cloudlets floating o'er us;
Softly sings the bird of love,
We will join the chorus;
Raise your voice so sweet my dear,
'Twill help a friend or brother,
Doing good we've naught to fear,
Sailing on together.

Emerald seas on every side,
Too deep for mortal sounding,
We are floating on a tide,
With life and love abounding;
When our sailing here is done,
All past earth's wind and weather,
We shall surely still be one,
Sailing on together.

Till we reach that mystic clime,
Life's secrets all revealing,
And catch the glory of the chime,
Love's golden bells are pealing;
Or what to me is more sublime,
(I often think I'd rather)
Come back to earth a second time,
And sail again together.

To the Poles by Airship

Part I

FIRST DAY.

New Orleans to North Pole.

The tidal wave that fell upon Galveston like a destroying angel and swept our whole southern coast with a hurricane of disaster and death, had spent its force, but the ground swell still lingered in the Mississippi valley and caused the great lakes to tremble in their mighty basins.

The morning of September 10th, 1900, broke over the crescent city wondrously clear, unnaturally calm. To the south and west low-lying clouds skirted the horizon, as if nature had spread a funeral pall over the scenes of her desolation, but above and northward the sapphire vault was as clear as a Herschel lens.

Our entire party had remained in their state-rooms during the night, and were ready for the lifting of anchors at six o'clock, A. M. Slowly, steadily, as a crea-

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ture endowed with life, and conscious of power, the stately ship rose for **TWO THOUSAND FATHOMS** moving neither forward nor backward, swerving not to right or left. Full five minutes we remained motionless, drinking the glory of the scene, while limitations melted away before the growing sense of possibility.

With face lighted with joy and gladness, as of one about to consummate a long-cherished hope, Lieutenant Peary, the intrepid explorer of northern climes, stood with his right hand upon the helm, while his left pressed the button that turned the liquid-air into **VACUUM-ALUMINUM-Corliss engines**.

Throbbing with power the “**NEW ERA**” tossed her beamed frontlet upward for an instance, balanced and shot forward like a thunderbolt, and the first voyage around the earth endways was begun; the voyage that should disclose the great secrets of the **UNKNOWN** under the frozen constellations of the north and reveal the wondrous mysteries that lay beyond the horizon of discovery under the fiery serpents of the south,—the voyage that should be

to the world of science and progressive thot, what the voyage of **COLUMBUS** was to the geographic and commercial world; the voyage, that on one hand should reveal more wonders than **ALADDIN'S LAMP** professed to do, and on the other put an end to the loss of life and property in vain attempts to reach the poles by waterways.

It was a sublime and tremendous moment. Unconquerable mind was about to begin her reign over material forces, as contemplated by **JEHOVAH** when He created Man and gave him dominion over terrestrial things.

White as the sheen of a falcon's wing lay league after league of the cotton belt, set in frames of stream and forest that shaded into orchard, meadow or wheat-field of the farther north, which in turn gave way to the wooded hills, mountains and lakes of the mighty **SASKATCHEWAN** of British Columbia and later on the unexplored empires of the Yukon and **McKenzie** that also yielded to an unbroken sea of snow-scrolls, frost-crystals and ice fields that stretched away to the north-

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ward beyond the horizon of mortal knowledge.

All were comfortably settled in the observation section, which for several reasons had been located in the center of the vessel, and enjoying beyond measure the play of light and shadow upon the broad bottoms, rugged slopes, winding valleys and purple hills that terraced to the trans-continental divide on the west, or the great forests and quiet valleys of the Cumberland and Blue Ridge, when a thunderous blast from the fog-horn followed by intense darkness and a trembling motion of the great ship brot panic to every heart. For the fraction of a minute only did the darkness last and then an unnatural light of dazzling brilliancy enveloped us. Fearful lest some atmospheric maelstrom or electrical cataclysm threatened destruction, our pilot threw out the fin-like anchors, reversed the propellers and brot the vessel to a balance. As soon as the eyes could adjust themselves to the intense light, we discovered the city of Memphis directly below us and also discovered the cause of the marvelous phenomena about us.

Earthward and apparently close to the ground lay a dark circle possibly two hundred miles in diameter, with intense black spots at a number of points. The whole thing had the appearance of an enormous bicycle tire which suddenly inflated had punctured here and there, throwing out ink-black jets of smoke blown into circles and rings as often seen blown from locomotives. Viewed from above, these energy centers seemed sometimes circular, sometimes elliptical in form, the outer walls ever dark, the inside changing, sometimes black, sometimes blazing like fire, sometimes like molten sulphur. Whatever color assumed, their motion was constant and of frightful velocity. Without question these were cyclones and but parts of a tremendous whole, and as far as we could discover the entire area of the circle was being swept with electrical energy whose source and origin was then unknown but destined to be revealed before our journey ended.

One fact which was clearly established later on may as well be set down here, namely, that heat and cold in their rela-

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tion to the earth are controlled by the atmosphere whose grain or fibre is vertical, and for this reason causes the heat and cold to develop chutes or chimneys, sometimes small, at other times covering vast areas, but whether large or small, dropping in spots, so to speak. Thus it will be seen that certain localities may develop extreme temperature in either direction, while only a few miles away there may not be any marked change. With these facts before us we can understand why zero weather may obtain as far south as Texas, while on the great lakes or even Hudson Bay country almost autumn weather reigns. As a matter of fact, these hitherto supposedly abnormal conditions have been frequently noted but could not be satisfactorily accounted for on the old theory that temperatures were affected only by "Humidity, Altitude and Latitude."

Having made sure that we were in the roof regions of an enormous cyclone district two hundred miles or more in diameter with here and there danger centers capable of swift destruction, our pilot

weighed anchor, allowed the vessel to rise two hundred fathoms and proceeded on our way.

As the "NEW ERA" swept on and out of the storm zone and descended to our former level we were all conscious of a wonderful relief. From a sense of intense nerve tension that caused our fingers to tingle and our cheeks to burn with hot rushes of blood, we suddenly became normal and serenely comfortable; but the wonderful exhilaration of physical life together with the quickening of mental faculties was remarked by all, and the infinite sense of healing and strength resulting from the electrical bath we had just passed thru will always remain one of our most pleasant memories.

The everyday affairs of life are the most interesting transactions, and when fully understood often the most wonderful. We scarcely realize how much of variety and beauty of the physical world about us depends upon the changes produced by the storms and clouds. During the first hours of our voyage we were considerably puzzled over certain brilliant areas which

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appeared suddenly and as suddenly disappeared in various sections of our landscape. Acres of flame gave way to the limit of blackness thru which ever and anon swept rivers of fire mingled with blood. Great electric storms they were pouring rain in torrents upon the earth from the lower side, but bathed in unbroken sunshine on the roofs, with waves of electricized-ether (commonly called sheet lightning) playing wild games over the roof ridges, racing down gutters and dripping from the eaves of these marvelous cloud structures.

Deep-toned, the voice of thunder was not wanting, but passing upward thru the atmospheric fibre like the pipes of some vast organ, all sounds were softened and harmonized into richest music. This ORATORIO of the planet earth was the gathering up and blending into one sublime harmony of all terrestrial sounds. The thunder's voice, the roar of onrushing trains, the tenor of whirring trolleys, the song of birds and murmuring of waters, the swish of electric currents thru watery vapors, the sudden rending of cloud fibres,

the steady thrum of the cities strong crying and laughter, and the fusing of noxious gases, all caught up to these roof regions and swept back and forth by the tides of this aerial ocean was music indeed that enraptured and soothed while it fed and satisfied every attribute of body, mind and spirit.

That all sounds, especially the human voice, travel upward better than downward has long been recognized, but that all earthly sounds should be thus blended and translated thru, not six, but scores of octaves by electric-ether fingers on God's aeolian harp, was never dreamed by our wildest imaginations till now it was demonstrated by this voyage thru the hitherto supposed voiceless realms of atmospheric solitude. However, some intimations of this marvelous process have long presented themselves to mortal intuitions and poets have dreamed and orators have sung in all ages of "**THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES**"; but these phantom outlines upon the canvas of mortality's latent senses now but occasionally made visible by the flash-light of genius, will some time be

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realized for the world's entertainment and profit; and some as yet unborn **EDISON** will probably in the near future not only record the voice of the earth as it sweeps along the star-decked plains of its orbit, but also the very movements of the stellar constellations as they swing grandly on along their shining pathways around the cloud continents and thru and across the vaporous oceans of limitless space; and thus for man thru the economy of **GOD** shall be conserved the broken fragments of universal sound in the voiceless music of the stars.

The minimizing effect of vertical views is plainly discernible from high buildings, monuments or ferris wheels, but imagine if you can the degrees of this influence thru two thousand fathoms of space. Except for our telescopic-lens-glass-bottomed boat (even as visitors to **Avalon**, **Catalina** island, view the submarine gardens) we could not have distinguished any earthly objects, but thanks to the wisdom of our ship builder everything on earth was clearly seen, the only change being that all color values were absolute (no shades)

and only the seven primary colors ever appeared. Human faces upturned were absolutely white, their clothes if dark absolutely black. Trees and meadow lands as well as all artificial objects painted green, appeared rainbow green; blue tinted structures, flowers, lakes and rivers appeared indigo blue, while stubble lands and fallow fields were saffron, and mahogany and carmine railroad trains raced as streams of blood over the ground—great arteries running in every direction, but here and there gathered into ganglion nerve-centers—the cities.

Among the multitude of extraordinary things upon which we gazed perhaps none were more wonderful and awe-inspiring than the sunshine effects along the slopes of the rocky mountains late in the afternoon. Whether caused by the obtuse angle of reflection or by some to us unknown and peculiar condition of the atmosphere, I know not, but the sun's rays seemed broken up and blended into an ocean of flame that rolled and swelled in mighty surges of color from the Yukon to the Rio Grande and involuntarily the possibility of

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the conflagration of a continent was borne upon the senses and the wreck of matter and crush of worlds seemed imminent.

As we gazed entranced but awe-stricken upon this new creation, an exclamation from one of the ladies caused us to turn our eyes eastward where a scene broke upon our vision that appalled every heart and blanched all faces—a scene that brot consternation to all faculties and threatened reason itself.

From Hudson Bay to the Aztec sea the earth seemed to have dropped away and a mighty void where power creative never yet had energized and existence still slept in the wide abyss of possibility had taken its place—a void as unfathomable as space and black as a gulf of despair—and we seemed on the verge of universal chaos. So vast and unmeasurable seemed this utter blackness, so awful our possibility of drifting into it, that only the sun in his course and the great forests below us were able to recall us to assurance and a sense of safety.

This weird and supernatural phenomenon lasted only a few minutes, but long

enough to leave an impression that still causes the soul to quail when flashed across the canvas of memory. Each one felt that to us had been given to approach the unknown and unknowable—to stand for a moment on the borderland of temporal and eternal realities and see the veil that separates between the finite and the infinite blown aside by the breath of the eternal and omnipotent God.

From the snow-crowned peaks of Alberta and the frost-white sentinels of Alaska to the Laurentian Hills and Hudson Bay, a splendid forest weeps and waves in primeval grandeur. With here and there magnificent parks of meadow land where feed the caribou by thousands, and great lakes upon whose broad bosoms or reedy borders waterfowl by millions take their summer outings and rear their young in safety, while winding thru all like silver ribbands thru fabrics of gauze are laughing brooks and mighty rivers alive with fish of many kinds.

Behold the sportsman's paradise! The wheat-fields of generations yet unborn and lumber camps, once they are opened, that

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shall build the cities of a world, and then let us blush at thought of our hue and cry about the exhaustion of the world's natural resources.

O, we of little faith! The same hand that built the world and laid the cornerstones of a universe still controls the seasons and flings far and wide all round the world the conditions for a million harvests. Our **HOME** shall not be made desolate if we but do our part.

Hearts thrilled—hopes beat high—anticipation was pregnant with mightiest expectation and all involved in a mysterious sense of the untried, when at time of setting sun we sailed into the arctic circle, passed from sight of land and began our flight over watery wastes and hundreds of leagues of snow and ice.

But the sun did not set. Into the land of deathless day we entered; thru misty moonlight, o'er arctic seas, into the **AURORA BOREALIS** the "NEW ERA" plunged. Electric waves flashed from her brazen prow—hung in splendid halos around her mighty hull and streamed far out behind in flaming grandeur like the

luminous pathway of a comet's train. On, still on, till the soul is lost in wonder amid these scenes of phantom splendor that threaten to overtax sight and sense amid our new surroundings.

From henceforth be it known to you, O children of Time, that amid these vast solitudes God's hand hath set the batteries of snow and ice charged with electricity, ether and oxygen that generates the ozone for a world's life, the motive power for a solar system—and the air that angels breathe.

The rush and roar of these elemental forces—the grind and crash of ice fields broken up, the launching of bergs and the boom and thunder of contending tides thrown up in crystal spray and sparkling scrolls conspired to present a scene like unto Creations' Morn when the stars sang and the Sons of God shouted for joy.

On, still on, we sped thru this carnival of carnelian splendors till we shot out over an open sea that sparkled and dimpled in rainbow green beneath the beams of the midnight sun when, lo! an island not many leagues in extent, but clothed in matchless

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verdure, loomed across our pathway and the Log-Book told us the goal was won.

In a small but beautiful natural park, traversed by a tiny brook and surrounded by noble trees whose wondrous bloom and odor ravished our souls with their fragrance, the "**NEW ERA**" came to anchor.

All passengers immediately sought their state-rooms, but so balmy was the air, so exhilarating and full of life-giving power and tissue-building properties — that two hours of rest and slumber was all that any of us required, and by three o'clock in the morning the entire party were walking about the island.

No words can describe nor pen convey the buoyancy and elasticity of body and mind—the ineffable sense of strength and youthful super-abundance of health and vitality that came from the oxygenated-electricized-salined atmosphere of this aboriginal clime. Not alone thru the lungs were we conscious of this marvelous influence, but every organ of the body, the very flesh and bones, seemed renovated, strengthened, and functional power quickened; the brain and spirit revelled in crea-

tive power. Great problems heretofore shrouded with mystery suddenly became luminous. Doubts and questions gave way to full assurance of knowledge, and the spell of intuition became dominant in human affairs. We seemed to have instantly passed from all restraint and sense of limitations into an absolute freedom generous as the sunshine, boundless as space, where the mind and heart did not need longer to struggle and labor for attainment, but immediately possessed accurate information on any proposition as if by right of inheritance.

Strange, mysterious, blessed land! Land of cloudless skies and deathless days; land of solitude where no voice was ever heard since God spoke worlds into being and garnished thy bosom with fragrant flowers and velvet greens. No breath of uncleanness was ever wafted across thy pearly strand, nor noxious weed or bristling thorn did ever find root in thy soil. No pestilential vapors ever rise from thy mossy brakes and tranquil pools. Death thou hast not known, for crushed and broken hearts have never wended their way in funeral proces-

sion along the banks of thy crystal streams nor digged lonely graves in thy fertile soil wherein to bury forms of love. No requiem nor funeral dirge has ever sounded across thy dewy lawns; and of saddening memories thou hast none. Peaceful, glorious land! War and bloodshed have never fallen upon thee, nor strife or tumult entered thy gardens of delight. Waters from thy fountains are pure as nectarous sweets; flowers and fruits thine orchards bear, such as to mortal sense were ne'er before revealed. No wreck lies beneath the quiet waves of that stormless sea, whose tranquil tides wash thy vine-clad shores, for a sail has never whitened upon its emerald bosom. How low thy skies of azure bend as if to bring nature's warmest, kindliest greeting to her ardently worshipping children permitted to rest for a few hours in this summerland of the soul.

The reader is asked to accept the foregoing statements not as vagaries of the imagination, but as sober sense based on at least three well-known facts, namely:

First—That on desert lands in Nevada and Arizona, fruits, vegetables and meats,

in many instances, do not putrefy, but are dried and preserved by nature's processes accredited to pure air and sunshine unpolluted by the conditions of civilization.

Second—That the atmosphere of mountain solitudes, especially in the regions of perpetual snow, is pure with an exhilarating effect that is often almost intoxicating in tonic power.

Third—That the inhabitants of certain islands of the Orkney or Orcades group have not been subject to colds for two hundred years, except when visited by the crews of trading vessels. Moreover, all arctic explorers freely testify that colds and influenza cease among their men in the intense cold of the far north and only return with the return to civilization.

The open polar sea has been talked of and believed in by all arctic explorers, but it remained for the voyagers in the "NEW ERA" to establish the fact and account for it on the scientific basis of extraordinary electrical and atmospheric conditions which undoubtedly obtained in the earlier ages of the world's life, when men lived to be hundreds of years young, and has

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thru the inscrutable wisdom of God been preserved in this polar region safe from the degenerating influences of mankind, tho destroyed in every other portion of the globe by the re-adjustment that followed the Noachian Deluge. And this splendid remnant of the glorious possessions once allotted to man not only serves as a reminder of what was lost thru the transgression of beneficent laws and the rejection of God's leadership, but a token as well of the transcendent glories which await the race at the "TIMES of the restitution of all things" and the dawn of that glorious era when broken, thwarted lives shall be made perfect and that which was missed and lost shall be regained.

'Twas hard to break away from this enchanted land, and the ship's chronometer indicated full thirty minutes past six o'clock the following morning when we finally weighed anchor and bade regretful farewell to this matchless gem of the ocean.

SECOND DAY.

North Pole to Jerusalem, Syria.

For a thousand fathoms the majestic ship cleft the air in vertical lines and still the little island could be seen, a tiny spot of living green in the ocean's shoreless blue. Smaller, and fainter outlined, at last it seemed to dissolve in mists as the "NEW ERA" was, like a flashing meteor, hurled across the aerial ocean that rolled and swelled its sublime declaration of independence across the vast unknown between us and Siberia's ice-bound desert-prisons.

How long! Oh, how long shall it be, O SPIRIT of JUSTICE, ere the hand of oppression shall be lifted from this land of mighty possibilities and a people long made to serve with rigor may lift their faces toward the light which glows above the hills and illumines the pathway that leads to the lands of MORNING?

Secure in the knowledge that two or three hundred leagues of water lay between us and any known land, and presuming on

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a repetition of the conditions of yesterday, our pilot pulled the throttle wide open and the "NEW ERA" responded with a burst of terrific speed that came near to being our undoing. A thousand fathoms below the plane of our former sailing, we were virtually plowing thru rather than skimming the waves of the atmospheric ocean, and at an altitude where the air was comparatively dense.

Like a giant RORQUAL, the noble vessel plunged on and into the Aurora zone, leaving behind, not a pathway of foam, but tongues of fire and scrolls of flame; when a roar and thunder of mighty volume and paralyzing power broke about us. We were in the midst of an arctic hail-storm. The air was full of great blocks of ice and masses of snow flung upward in wild and awful fury from the ice-crusts below pierced by electric currents of irresistible voltage. Quickly elevating the prow and dropping the propeller shaft, we rose a thousand fathoms, and above the ice and snow belt (tho still swept by winds of frightful velocity) and discovered the genesis of an arctic blizzard. For scores

of leagues, south, east and west, a great storm-wave swelled its magnificent billows in unconquered and unconquerable might.

Having reduced our speed to a couple of degrees per hour, we studied this splendid mood of storm-king amid the ice-palaces of the dazzling north, and it is safe to say that no more sublime and inspiring scene was ever gazed upon by human eyes. One moment there was an ocean of mountain peaks as if congealed in the act of upheaval, then quickly subsiding, vast plains or quiet valleys lay spread out in ravishing beauty, but soon rent by fathomless chasms, then all the above combined in splendid and endless variety and finally tossing in billows covered with whitecaps as the ocean whipped by fierce winds.

Swelling in tumultuous splendor this wide-flung paralysis of the northland rolled on. But behold! Its face has changed expression. Here and there it is shot thru with glory. Electric waves submerged yet ever stronger growing have created a sea of blood that soon gives way to crimson and gold. Stronger and stronger flows the electric tide until the submerged cur-

rents break above the surface, first in jets of fiery drops, then tongues of flame and finally in long, fine-spun fibrous-lightning like millions of gleaming lances flinging out over a universe God's wireless messages of life and health, calm and storm. A signal service that falling now on mortals slow of heart and dull of comprehension, awakens only idle curiosity, but sometime rightly interpreted, will warn of earthquake shock, volcanic upheaval, cyclones, monsoons and tidal waves, to the end that famines and pestilences be forever expunged from the catalog of human affairs and of this earth it may be said, as before sin fell upon it, "all is good and very good."

Like a sea of sunshine this electric flood swept on in marvelous transformation, lighting up league on league of this boundless ocean of spotless white, and flashing upward, illuminated with matchless glow the sapphire vault above us.

Instinctively each to the other looked, knowing by sudden consciousness upon our spirits borne that we were in the midst of the Aurora Borealis—that grandest of

all natural phenomena—God's illumination of a hemisphere.

How mighty, how majestic, and how mysterious are nature's works! When the air is calm, where sleep the stormy winds? In what chambers are they reposed—in what dungeons confined? But when He who holds them in mighty leash is pleased to awaken their rage and throw open their prison doors they rush forth with irresistible might. The aerial flood pours itself over mountains, seas and continents till universal equilibrium of material forces is established, the books of God's natural laws are balanced and the universe rolls on in sublime and harmonious peace.

We watch the clouds as they grow out of everywhere into the here, and call them storm-centers—danger spots to be dreaded. Ah, no! They are God's scavengers of the skies gathering up the waste and poisons of the planet into great rubbish heaps, but gilded by His hand with a beauty more glorious than the incarnation of morning mists, till He shall see fit to set them on fire with electric currents that inspire our admiration. Washed, purified, vitalized,

the unbranded air returns to us each morning bearing the freshness and balm of the wooded mountains — the sweetness and fragrance of life and joy.

Close students of geography have been impressed with the fact that in the western hemisphere the mountain ranges extend north and south, while in the eastern hemisphere the general direction is east and west. This striking difference was most clearly defined from our pathway among the clouds, also the barren steeps and treeless wastes that hold back growth and progress in central eastern Europe and western Asia were clearly outlined as we shot out of the gates of this exposition of arctic wonders and were thrilled by sight of land, forests and streams.

Far to the westward the domes and spires of St. Petersburg gleamed in the rays of the declining sun, while lake Baikal on the Siberian steeps already grew purple with the shades of approaching night. Far to the south and east rose the Ghauts and Himalayas, while the Alps, Pyrenees and Mediterranean were dimly outlined southwest. Beneath and between us and these

lay the east and west valleys and table-lands bathed in the saffron flood of the afterglow, a marvelous picture of peaceful beauty, such as these happy valleys should know were tyranny, war and racial problems forever past.

Glorious as the vision was, it soon gave way to a beauty and sublimity hitherto undreamed even in our farthest-flung imaginations.

Scarce had the afterglow faded and darkness settled when the moon at its full flung its soft radiance over Asia and Europe, and we were sailing on and on as thru an eternal calm of illumined clouds and cloudless azure till this goddess of the Ancients hanging high in the heavenly blue proclaimed the midnight hour and the "**NEW ERA**" anchored in the vale of Esdraelon that battle-field of the nations (future as well as past) and the **ARMAGEDDON*** of a world was flamed across the horizon of our dreams. *Note — See Afterglow.

THIRD DAY.

Jerusalem to Pretoria.

Sunrising found us twenty-five hundred fathoms above the plain, all Europe bathed in crimson and gold—resistless waves of sunshine speeding across Asia as if breaking in surges of color from the Yellow Sea—while Africa was a dimpling ocean of emerald and the Indian Ocean appeared one flaming sheet of molten gold. To the north and west like stately ships anchored in spacious harbors, great, fleecy cloud-islands floated back and forth impelled by the soft lapping waves of an atmospheric sea. While above us and beyond the influence of the earth's motion upon its axis—the trade winds and all surface disturbances—the grain of the ever-stable ether and elemental gases shown in vertical prisms like rainbow-pillars of some grand cathedral or temple of the spirits of the air.

Whether this remarkable demonstration of the higher regions should be accredited

to the horizontal sun-rays of the early morning, or was caused by a congestion of color values due to the presence or absence of humidity — or was but the fore-gleams of a terrible and tremendous storm (thru which we sailed some hours later) we could not determine; tho probably the latter, as indicated by the presence of "False-Suns" and "Halo-Rings" often preceding storms.

For a short time we paused above Jerusalem, musing on departed greatness, longing for a vision of future glories.

"O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killlest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often I would have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate." For two thousand years the flood of thy sorrow hath not been assuaged, nor the tides of thy unbelief abated. The shame of thy desolation is known of all men.

Fear not. Thou shalt be redeemed. Where art achieved her proudest monument and poetry found her sublimest theme of song, immortality and eternal life shall

be brot to light and thy glory be greater than in former centuries.

Turning sharply westward we sailed above the great sea till the delta of the Nile was reached, when once more our vessel was headed southward and the Dark Continent was ours to view.

The **SAHARA**, wind-swept, appeared a yellow haze, but the valley of the Nilus—Granary of the nations and Mother of civilization—shown luxuriant with abundant harvests. The **SPHINX** looked calmly over the valley, even as she has looked for six thousand slow revolving years of history, the embodiment of self-control and peace, an expression of antediluvian conception of two sublime attributes of the ever-living God.

O Africa, Africa! Thou birthplace of civilization, home of **ART** and **GENIUS**. When shall thy greatness be renewed, the wands of thy superstitions be shattered, thy darkness dispelled, thy matchless waterways and inland seas be opened to commerce and thy impetuous, emotional people disenthralled, and their chains of slavery broken? When shall thy diamond

reefs, golden dykes, and primeval forests, yield streams of plenty and peace for thine own people and thou once more take thy place in the activities of a **WORLD-LIFE**?

Surely thy second **BIRTH** must be close at hand. Verily, thou hast slumbered long, but the **DAY** of **OPPORTUNITY** for thee cannot be forever past. Nations shall yet rise up and call thee blessed, and generations yet unborn shall worship in the temples of thy greatness, drink from thy fountains of refinement and culture and learn statecraft and self-control in thy schools of **WISDOM**.

Magnificent beyond description, easily outranking all other landscapes for scenic beauty, the upper valley of the Nile occupies a place solitary and above all others. Tanganyika, Albert and Victoria Nyanza, the Congo Basin,— and then illimitable storm-clouds heaven-high rolled across our southern horizon. Occasional rifts in the clouds revealed unrivaled landscapes, but most of the time the “**NEW ERA**” rolled and plunged thru watery wastes now black as a soul’s dishonor, now gleaming with scrolls and tongues of flame as electric cur-

rents blazed pathways thru dark vapors and thick clouds.

Even as we had witnessed the strength and fury of the earth's elemental forces in the polar regions, so today we were to experience the full and perfect might of an equatorial storm working out its gaseous equations in cloud-pavilions above the **DARK CONTINENT**.

From the chariots of morning whirlwinds flung themselves into the conflict, while upon the hurricane decks of a continent the oilskins of space were drenched with foam. **CLOUD-SAILS** ripped from the masts of some dismantled planet hung as tattered awnings over vast vaporous plains, where electric batteries thundered in spirit-battle.

'Twas a day of gloom and dread to all on board. How long would the storm last? Could the "**NEW ERA**" outride the fury of elemental forces? Pestilential vapors and poisonous gases threatened life itself. Caught in vacuum-flues the noble vessel descended almost to the tree tops. Gripped in the upward rush of expanding gases she shot upward thousands of feet

into regions of intense cold or scorching heat.

Surely we were learning something of the fundamental forces with which this old world has to contend in its progress around the sun.

Fortunately the steering apparatus suffered no damage and the storm-zone was crossed ere night had fallen and in comparatively fair weather we proceeded to Cape Town, where we anchored in safety, glad that the glories, wonders and dangers of a voyage thru an African equatorial storm were forever past. And yet this matchless day must ever remain in memory as a splendid symbol of that glorious time when the souls of men loosed from the moorings of earth shall sail the broad Pacific of eternity with their God.

FOURTH DAY.

Pretoria, Africa, to South Pole.

The gaseous cataclysm of the previous day having restored the equilibrium of the atmospheric world, morning broke over southern seas in wondrous and well-nigh perfect tranquility. Soft lapping tides and gentle swells proclaimed the mighty deep free from contending forces, and the glassy surface stretched away in unbroken beauty. PEACE, white-winged, brooded over this vast realm of the unknown. Shadowy, intangible creations of the imagination were the only beings that had ever explored its farthest mysteries, but,

“Full well we know that fair and bright,
Far beyond human ken or dream,
Too glorious for our feeble sight,
Thy skies of cloudless azure beam.”

Human souls must ever seem timid in the presence of the infinite and eternal and all our spirits throbbed in minor strains as the “**NEW ERA**” swung grandly into

space, cut loose from the known and visible, threw out her challenge to elemental forces and began her voyage over seas unknown and continents strange. Sunshine fell in unobstructed splendor everywhere. No need to sound fog-horns or flash headlights now, for no other craft ever sailed these seas, save snowy clouds that dipped their white wings into the glittering foam of far-off curved horizons. Degree after degree of latitude dropped behind. The ship's chronometer marked twelve o'clock—high noon—before shadowy outlines of the **ANTARCTIC CONTINENT** appeared.

Dropping five hundred fathoms, but with undiminished speed, we proceeded till wide-spreading lowlands gave way to low-lying hills and sharp buttes, when suddenly, to left and right, giant beacon lights* loomed, vast columns of smoke shot upward followed by sheets of flame that were quickly displaced by tremendous pillars of volcanic ashes. Fine dust filled the air for leagues in all directions, sulphurous smoke partially obscured the sun and a weird spectral light pervaded all space.

*Note—Mts. Erebus and Terror.

Combine the haze of Indian Summer with the mists of winter, fling over it the soft languorous radiance of autumn days with the tonic and balm of springtime, and you will have the essence of this wonderful day.

As the smoke mounted higher and higher, denser and denser, and was flung outward as from a central dome in great awnings, sunlight failed, the lurid gleam of sulphurous fires mingling with the finely powdered ashes took on the countenance of a sea of blood about and below us, while upward against the background of clouding smoke appeared flashing scrolls as of molten metal whipped by mighty winds.

This amazing spectacle continued for the space of half an hour. Then dull rumblings were heard, followed by a tremendous roar, and mud, stones and molten lava were thrown upward with irresistible force many hundreds of feet. Shortly all noise and tumult ceased, save the hiss of escaping steam, from the smaller volcano, the fiery mass in the larger crater subsided, dropping down, down hundreds of feet to a mere speck as seen from our telescopic

windows. But the calm lasted for only a few minutes and was followed by seemingly redoubled energy. A roar as of a thousand thunders combined rose with appalling vibration, the crater suddenly expanded causing great chasms in the rocky sides thru which great streams of white-hot lava flowed outward to the sea. This last terrific outburst was followed by a tremendous earthquake shock that set the hills trembling, rent the plains with mighty seams and flung the sea backward till vast plateaus hitherto submerged momentarily appeared, but were soon enveloped by the returning tidal-wave which seemed to permanently overflow all but the highest peaks of the entire continent.

Terrific tho the convulsions of nature had been, almost normal conditions prevailed in three hours, the smoke cleared away the last lingering rays of the sun fell over an unbroken sea, the fiery serpents of southern constellations gleamed in the azure vault of heaven and calm and holy night filled terrestrial space and held in thrall all earthly things.

Swiftly but quietly the “**NEW ERA**” sped on.

Our hearts were awed and our voices hushed in contemplation of the majestic phenomena we had just witnessed.

A new conception of **OMNIPOTENCE** was born in every life, and something of what this earth has passed thru—the smelting of its materials in the fierce fires—turning of the mighty lathe—the rasping of the surface with floods and glaciers—to fit it for the habitation of man dawned on our slow hearts and dimly we wondered, if such be the process of material things, what must be the might and splendor of that new heaven and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, and the infinite and eternal glory of that after life in a **PARADISE** without a tempter, an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, where life and light and love shall be triumphant forevermore and God be all in all.

Planet earth holds no counterpart of the unutterable desolation of the physical conditions of the south pole regions.

No open sea. No verdant land. Snow and ice hold sway over all. The solitude

of death is on every hand. Silence unutterably oppressive, appalling, commands all form and substance. No sounds save the adjustment of ice-crystals and the low wash of distant seas on far-away ice-bound coasts where bergs were quietly slipping from parent shores into waters that should carry them to a more hospitable clime.

Sleep, we could not. An ever-increasing sense of exile—of lostness—bordering onto annihilation gripped soul and sense, filled brain and eye. That spectral sense of solitary confinement that drives criminals to insanity when placed in the death-cell, raced thru nerve and artery like electric currents in the muscles of a galvanized corpse.

Flesh and blood could not long stand such tension, and gladder hour hearts of mortals will never know, than was ours when our noble vessel weighed anchor and flung herself a thing of life and power thru rainbow-mists and halo-clouds towards Patagonia's rock-bound coast.

Tho eight thousand miles away, **HOME** was ours, by power of anticipation and wireless messages of the mind.

How marvelous is the mind of man! We are transported on shining seas of ecstasy at sight of a beautiful photograph, but gaze with common-place feelings upon the scenes of long past years or sublimest panorama of mountains, seas and continents as transferred by human eyes to the canvas of memory. We contemplate with awe, and almost worship the genius that can engrave the Lord's Prayer upon a silver quarter, but forget that upon the gray-matter of the brain God hath written the history of all ages past and traced in fadeless outline the matchless landscapes of youth, maturity and age upon sensitized-films that forever retain their lines and definition with power of absolute re-production when placed in the bath of memory.

FIFTH DAY.

South Pole to Buenos Ayres.

Mindful of our dangerous experience over arctic seas, we proceeded slowly and kept sharp lookout for strange phenomena, and had we not done so, we should have missed one of the most remarkable and momentous discoveries of our entire voyage.

Matchless theme for song or story—a submerged continent, the “**LOST ATLANTIS**”—has been located in various quarters of the globe by different writers, until, like the great American desert, this fundamental factor in the world’s development during bygone ages, had become a fugitive and vagabond with no permanent residence, no settled run, and its very existence was questioned.

Some three degrees from the pole we noticed a peculiar expression on the countenance of the mighty deep as of shallow water breaking over shoal-lands; also discovered that a vast area immediately

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northward shown amber color as if reflected from white sands.

Our pilot brought the vessel to anchor, descended to within fifty fathoms of the water whence submerged forests of splendid trees became visible. For league after league the submerged coast-line of this prehistoric continent was clearly defined by rocky bluffs, wooded heights or splendid lowlands. Many of the larger trees had fallen as if in the path of some fierce tornado, but many were standing, thru whose leafless branches washed the Antarctic sullen tide.

Winding valleys once fertile and well watered by splendid rivers could be traced far inland, dotted with houses and frequent villages, all built of stone, quarries of which appeared in many places.

Far inland and probably quite centrally located (tho we did not discover either east or west boundaries) arose magnificent ruins of a once populous and splendidly built capital city. Large areas of the residence portions with regularly platted blocks and wide avenues still remain in almost perfect condition, but the business

blocks, most of which were evidently two and three-story buildings, were badly wrecked, almost certainly by earthquake, as great fissures still appeared in many places. The flat-tiled roofs, broad verandas and spacious gardens of the residence portions indicated a love of outdoor life, as well as a comparatively mild climate, while the architectural beauty and variety spoke of refinement and thrift.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of this incomparable ruin was a number of well preserved ships, with gaunt, spectral masts and shreds of tattered sail, anchored in the spacious harbor, the lake source of a navigable river. Their builders have vanished, but they remain, mute witnesses of former greatness with sodden hulls and decks washed white by ceaseless waves, telling with voiceless language of departed glory. But who can summon their dead crews to life? Unfurl their shredded sails or unloose them from their moorings for another voyage? Would that some power could translate their log-books, reprint the story of their voyages and tell of the cargoes they carried.

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More interesting still would be the history of this vanished race. How long ago did they live—and whence came they? Were they the **LOST TRIBES** of **ISRAEL** thus doomed to utter extinction—the ancestors of the **HYKSOS** or shepherd dynasty that overthrew the Egyptian Pharaohs preceding the advent of Israel in Egypt—the progenitors of the mongol race, the Incas, Aztecs or Mound-Builders—or antedating all of these did they belong to that race once called the "**SONS OF GOD**" who, contracting marriages with the daughters of men introduced such wickedness into the world that God destroyed them with a flood that could not be abated?

How little of the world's history we really know! And much of that is preserved only in ruins. The overgrown hearthstones, crumbling walls, dismantled towers, broken columns, thwarted hopes and blasted dreams. Just a few fragments here and there and most of these are blood-stained and battle-scarred. The civilized nations stagger under **THIRTY BILLIONS** of **WAR TAXES** today and still we summon armies, build navies,

strengthen fortresses and prepare for one supreme world-struggle when once the forces of hate shall dethrone reason and gain the ascendant in the hearts of mankind.

How long, O Lord, ere the nations shall comprehend the victories of **PEACE** and get far enough away from barbarism to appreciate the charm, dignity and glory of brotherly love; grow a race of statesmen with brains and hearts large enough to understand the **PATRIOTISM** of **PEACE**, and predicate world-power and greatness upon the proposition that **ALL MEN** are **BROTHERS**, and that each man's weal shall be every man's care; That it is higher statesmanship to prevent war than to plan magazines of destruction?

With reluctant, sobered hearts we sailed away from this indestructible mausoleum of a race, pondering deeply many questions, when, lo,—that mysterious, intangible, unexplainable thing hitherto known as the “**MIRAGE** of the **DESERT**” loomed on our northward horizon.

The “**NEW ERA'S**” secretary has witnessed this remarkable creation many,

many times on the plains of northeastern Colorado, before that stretch of desolation was subjected to Irrigation's Dominion, when streams of living water broke forth in the desert, mighty lakes nestled among the sand hills and lapped their crystal waves on grassy wooded slopes, and magic cities appeared in the Lowlands, but nothing ever half so marvelous as this which now seemed to emerge from and brood over the southron sea.

First came the white-fog in snowy scrolls and fantastic forms, rolling, twisting, turning like a living thing, permanent but ever-changing towards evanescence like the gossamer outlines of some half-forgotten dream; Then great steel-blue banded columns, surmounted by Alhambran arches, domes, turrets, minarets, bastions and cathedral spires in endless profusion were lifted into place by the viewless hands of gravitation.

Now advancing, now receding, like the myriad changes of the starry constellations in the eternal minuet of the centuries, this unsubstantial creation of the atmosphere assumed form and beauty as glorious as the incarnation of the morning

mists; Rainbow tints hung in festoons from cornice and facade or flashed in halos from turrets and domes till cities reeled, houses became heaps, and all dissolving in the twinkling of an eye naught remained save the broad bosom of the unruffled shining sea.

Whether these matchless creations that enrapture beauty-loving eyes are caused by varying degrees of temperature and humidity, and the presence of some undiscovered element in the atmosphere, or are the negative outlines of prehistoric cities photographed upon nature's ether-films (as trees are sketched on photographic rocks) I do not know; but certainly it is worth a trip half way round the world to see one of these marvelous moving pictures produced by Nature's magic powers.

At four o'clock P. M. the islands of Tierra-del-Fuego, the Straits of Magellan and the mainland of South America were sighted, and a shout of joy and thankfulness arose from every throat. By sundown we were anchored in the spacious harbor of Buenos Ayres, glad and happy that in one more day our voyaging would be o'er.

SIXTH DAY.

Buenos Ayres to New Orleans.

Since **ADAM** first led his blushing **EVE** adown the rose-bordered pathways of **EDEN**, even to the still waters of **Hiddekel**, no more beautiful scene was ever gazed upon by mortal eyes than the wide-flung **Llanos** and **Pampas** plains of **Argentina**, **Uruguay**, **Paraguay** and **Brazil** when spring-time freshness clothes their mighty greens and adorns their sunny slopes. Lowing kine in peaceful valleys, wind-swept fields of wheat on breezy uplands. Grazing lands sufficient for the flocks and herds of a hemisphere; Wheat fields large enough to grow the breadstuffs of a world are here spread out in unbroken levels that bewilder the mind by reason of their largeness.

Somewhat of their vastness may be judged from the fact that the **Trans-An-dean Argentine and Chile railroad** now building has one stretch of track one hundred and seventy-five miles long, as

straight as a beam of light, and many sweeps of thirty miles without a curve.

Upward, still upward, rose the "NEW ERA" till the great city blocks appeared as pawns and bishops on a giant chess-board, and the snowy crests of the Andes gleamed like immense mirrors westward, and Rio de Janeiro was visible on our forward port.

In the realm of souls far on toward the steeps of the eternal hills lie breezy uplands, well watered as a garden of delight, where mortals first feel the veiled intimations of their Immortality, autumn days filled with the harvests of achievement. What this stands for in the soul's world, South America is to the planet earth. Nowhere else such vast plains, such lofty mountain ranges, such magnificent forests, such tremendous waterfalls, such an abundance and variety of animal and vegetable life. This is God's **CLEARING-HOUSE** of the world's physical forces; The chemical laboratory whence are generated the gases necessary to sustain animal and vegetable life all over the earth; The navel of the planet where converge all the ele-

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mental forces, and radiate all the streams of physical energy.

From this inheritance, untouched, unpolluted and forever inviolable, flow the streams of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon that are forever purifying and regenerating winds and waters, producing vegetation, neutralizing putrefaction and maintaining the permanency of the seasons.

From this laboratory of nature, with converters of immeasurable capacity, gases are blown, vapors condensed, colors mixed, shades and tints in endless variety compounded, till the whole lower atmosphere, violent with deadly fumes and on the verge of self-destruction, is caught by the trade winds and borne to distant lands, where affinities coalescing conserve the vegetable and animal life of the world.

Viewed from above, the grain and fibre of the atmospheric ocean furnished vast prisms for the refraction of sunlight, till from the mouth of the Amazon to the crest of the Andes and the Uruguay to the Orinoco the rolling tides of a continent wide rainbow glowed and blazed in indescribable splendor.

Like all the sunrise and sunset glories of a thousand ages past commingled and blended in harmonious proportions, this sublime landscape fell fresh from the hand of the great Limner, changeless forevermore. Six thousand slow revolving years of history record but little change. Somehow in the inscrutable wisdom of the Infinite these vast solitudes seem almost immune from the changeful touch of humankind. For beasts and birds and creeping things this vast domain seems held in trust. Here the lower orders of creation must make their final stand against the encroachment of the forces of destruction.

“Summer and winter, day and night, cold and heat, seed-time and harvest, as long as the earth remains.” Let flood and flame and famine do their worst,—

“Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadows, keep-
ing watch above His own.”
The eternal years are His.

The “Pearl of the Antilles,” the flashing tides of the Caribbean, and the Panama Canal, all in full view, make a splendid

picture as they lie framed by the coast-line of Central America, Mexico and the United States, but more wonderful and entrancing than any or all of these is a scene below, about and above us, never before looked upon by human eyes.

The mightiest rivers of the globe flow in the ocean,—the Japan Current and the Gulf Stream. The flow of all land streams combined could scarcely equal these. Born in the Indian Ocean and the Caribbean Sea, they flow on forever; always full, yet never overflowing their banks, these mighty arteries supply the waters that make the circulatory system of a universe. Out of these vast cauldrons ever brimming full by the fiat of the eternal God,—land-locked and sun-heated,—rise the mists and vapors that supply all the land streams as well as the equalizing currents which satisfy the compensation-escapement of the expansive heat of the tropics, and the congested cold of the poles. Without these, the frigid **ZONES** must be destroyed by eternal cold, the torrid **ZONES** consumed by endless burnings.

From our thousand fathoms of altitude

we could clearly define the beginnings of this tremendous river, and its fountain head is in the Caribbean Sea.

Carefully scrutinized by the aid of our telescopic windows reinforced by the laws of light refraction, the tiny currents, ever larger growing, reaching out like root-fibres, but converging to a common point, the tributaries of this perennial stream could be seen gathering volume and momentum until the vast flood becoming irresistible burst all barriers, and sweeping by the Floridan coast took up its splendid rush for the heights of Labrador, Greenland's promontories and Europe's wide-flung coast lines.

How great the influence upon European climate, vegetation, animal life and rainfall of this majestic flood, has perhaps never been fully realized; But certain it is that southern California has had two or three serious droughts and consequent crop failures, in less than forty years, co-incident with the time when from some unknown cause the Japan Current has been deflected northward to the Behring Sea, thus failing to distribute necessary vapors from the Golden Gate southward.

We speak with great swelling words of **OUR** harvests and **OUR** progress and development in material prosperity, but forget that if **GOD** should cancel or change the movements of ocean currents, or postpone the engagements of winds and clouds, or revise the schedule of the sun as he marks the standard **TIME** for the seasons, that the sky would become brass and the earth as iron. That "Pestilence would walk in darkness and destruction waste at noonday."

If such be the might, grandeur, power and influence of these ocean currents, how shall I tell of the marvelous counterpart of these in the atmospheric world above us?

Speculative science (guessing at the unknown) tells us that the earth is enveloped in an ocean of atmosphere fifty miles high (just why fifty miles is made the limit is not made clear), and beyond that is an unknown **SOMETHING**, probably luminiferous Ether (or diluted moonshine?) which pervades limitless space; Also that the upper regions are absolutely cold and forever dark because there is nothing from which the sun can be reflected. As tho the

almighty power that created all things could not make a sunbeam luminous in itself.

Why should it be that a thing incredible that the power which could create a sunbeam could make that sunbeam generate light by some other process than refraction?

In all seriousness let the reader ask himself,—“Why not suppose the sun to be composed of RADIUM, or some other substance possessing inherent luminous properties?

The truth is that many of the deductions of scientific research are mere guesswork, and the scientists themselves are not agreed on many propositions and conclusions that the Common Herd are asked to accept without question.

Some years ago Professor Haeckel, of Germany, stood before the scholarship of the world as sponsor for the theory of “Spontaneous Generation.” He declared that “**ONE-CELL-LIFE**” (from which all other living organisms were subsequently developed, or could be developed) had been generated in bygone ages in Protoplasm, or

mud, at the bottom of the sea, where absolute darkness must have reigned.

Within the last five years another celebrated German professor has gone on record as believing that **LIFE** may be produced by means of rays of light generated by **RADIUM**.

Which, if either, shall we believe?

Who can give satisfactory information as to the causes that produced the **PETRIFIED FORESTS** of Arizona?

The only **SANE CONCLUSION** that we may reach is, that there have been and are today forces, powers and processes at work in the material world about us that cannot be accounted for on any theory except that there is a **CREATIVE INTELLIGENCE**, The **CHRISTIAN GOD**, behind all things.

As a matter of fact the upper regions are not generally and permanently cold, as has been abundantly demonstrated by thermometers attached to balloons that have reached an altitude of seven or eight miles, where warmer temperatures have always been recorded.

Liquid air is produced by a series of con-

tractions and expansions, but all the heat generated by earth, seas and sun flows upward by expansive power, and there is no known cause for contraction, since the cold atmosphere always seeks the lowest levels possible, and the cold of the polar regions is continually brooding low over land and sea as it sweeps on toward the equatorial furnace. But its movements are forever being modified by electrical currents which are constantly emanating from the earth and at right angles from any given point; Who has not noted the warm and cold waves of air along the country road, even in winter time, with snow heavy all around?

In Colorado warm winds rush down from the eternal snow and ice-fields of the continental divide in February and March, melting the snow of the plains, the ice of the streams, and pull the frost out of the ground.

As already stated, the ocean currents are born in the Indian Ocean and Caribbean Sea; and here, too, originate the trade winds, those atmospheric currents that con-

trol the winds and storms of planet earth. With movements constant as the law of Gravitation they flow on forever, tho modified by mountain ranges. Nature's means of transportation for the vital forces that constitute the air we breathe, and bringing to us, it may be, the things that once constituted the brain of a Cicero, or the muscles of Rome's fiercest gladiator.

Not unto angels but unto **MAN** was subjected the inhabitable world about to be. All material forces conserve **MAN'S** interests. The earth has a thousand magazines of power for which **MAN** alone holds the keys. A million implements of blessing are ready for **MAN'S** hands. Tho we catch the sound of almost universal wasting all about us, still the forces that work for **LIFE** are stronger than those that work for death, and an eternal **RESURRECTION** to new life is ever going on in the things that do appear. And more than this, **MAN** himself is the masterpiece and crowning glory of all the visible universe. Surely, surely there awaits **MAN** a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness,

and **MAN** is destined to **IMMORTALITY**.

“O the depth of the riches both of the knowledge and wisdom of God! how unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out.”

The Gulf of Mexico, one burnished sheet of living gold, lay smiling and beautiful, kissed into tranquil glory by the last lingering rays of the departing sun. Purple shadows climbed higher and higher along the broad plateaus and breezy uplands that terraced the blazing summits of the **Cordillera**. Far beyond their rugged majesty the broad Pacific flamed in incomparable grandeur, while cloud-continents swinging full and free in the upper air reflected the tremulous radiance of the **AFTERGLOW** upon the western sea.

But dearer far than the afterglow, than voices of sea or land, are the lights that flash and gleam from the towers and domes of the **Crescent City** as the “**NEW ERA**” drops to quiet anchor in the land of **HOME**, sweet **HOME**.

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Low-arched to earth the heavens bend,
The wind-harps thrummed and soothed to
rest;
Shades of night with day's rich colors blend,
The sun has marked a trail of glory in the
west.

God's hand hath set the evening star
So low, it soon must pass from sight
Beyond the purple hills; and ocean's bar
Shall darkened be. 'Tis calm and holy night.

Part II

AFTERGLOW

Desirous of visiting the wonders of Egypt alone, I left the hotel in Cairo shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon with my "Liquid Air Motorcycle" and rode for eight miles along the shaded roadway to the Great Pyramid. Leaving the wheel, I climbed the great pile, passed round to the other side, and, descending, walked over to the Sphinx to watch the effect of a sunset across Sahara. This done, I passed around to the eastern base of the Sphinx and reclined between the mighty paws to enjoy the beauty of the valley. Somewhat weary, I soon passed into quiet slumber. When I awoke the twilight had shaded into glorious moonlight. Reluctant to break the languorous spell of the matchless hour, I leaned against the rounded throat in the shadow of the wondrous face, musing of the past, pondering the future, when the great lips seemed to move and a voice of marvelous richness did speak.

Listening, this I heard:

THE VOICE OF THE SPHINX.

Part First.

“The dream of the centuries is realized; the great canal is done. Upon the bosom of the southern sea float the navies of the world, gathered in honor of the opening day. All nations have joined hands and treasures in building the ‘Olive Branch.’ Wood and metals of all lands are wrought into her mighty hull. Her drawing rooms are enriched with jewels from every clime; from her masts stream the pennants of the world. Even now the tranquil tides of the Caribbean and the wide-flung Pacific, mingling in the great canal, are flashing from her gleaming prow on the trial trip thro the heart of the ‘Cordillera’.

“In all lands of the Orient this day, June 1st, has been declared a gala-day and the people everywhere are in holiday attire with celebrations and merry-makings of various kinds. In South America universal truce had been declared and Revolutionists vied with Governmentals to do honor

to the glad day. In the United States, enthusiasm is boundless; Uncle Sam has for once laid aside his peculiarly patriotic garb and passed to the parade grounds clad in spotless white. Ineed, he had issued a proclamation requesting all citizens, everywhere, to clothe themselves on that day in whitened Ramie-Cloth—emblem of universal peace. Amid booming of cannons and playing of bands, the people gathered by millions to listen to inspiring and congratulatory addresses. Horses and carriages, automobiles, railroad trains and trolley lines, water-craft and flying machines, all, everywhere, were decked in crystal sprays, even Nature herself appearing in robes fit for the Ascension morning. Yes, the Panama Canal is done. Her gateways wide-open flung invites the commerce of the nations.

“The ‘Cape to Cairo’ Railroad recently completed, has just issued Time Tables and Freight Rates. Double-tracked, rock-ballasted, equipped with electric engines, Pullman, Observation and Hunting Cars, scheduled to one hundred miles an hour thro grandest natural scenery as well as the

most wonderful achievements of man for six thousand years, a passage by her splendid ways is necessary to the future happiness and prosperity of the race of mankind.

“Leaving Cape Town, one soon will reach the scenes of Bloemfontein, where spectre hosts of Boer and Britain still struggle in spirit battle drop over the rocky Velt to Orange River and the Brake-man shouts ‘Kimberley and the diamond fields.’ Ten minutes and you are off again, along the hills that skirt the Belus valley, past Johannesburg, with visions of Cecil Rhodes and streams of gold, to Mafeking. Leaving Pretoria to the right with her memories of ‘Oom Paul’, you enter the four-hundred-mile avenue of mighty forests and tangled swamps that leads to Buluwayo of the Matebeleland and the chasm and falls of the Zambezi. Shoshone, Niagara, Zambezi, these three, and the greatest of these is Zambezi. Inspiring, majestic, approaching the sublime, this handiwork of God appeals to you as nothing else can. A full thousand yards in width and fathoms deep, this mighty river

drops more than a hundred feet sheer into the lava-cleft furrow, regains its splendid quiet and tranquilly flows away to the sea. Slowly, steadily, the train glides out upon the longest, highest bridge man ever built, till you seem simply suspended by viewless hands in mid air and a sickening feeling takes possession of you as you think what a moment of time may mean to you.

“Now, for the heart of the Dark Continent. Thundering across plateaus, swinging around mountains whose bases are clothed in tropical verdure and their summits white with eternal snow, sweeping thro beautiful parks, towering forests or winding slopes of magnificent waterways to Tanganyika, where an ocean liner awaits to carry you three hundred and fifty miles across the tranquil deeps of this inland tropical sea. Shades of Nimrod! Surely the Happy Hunting Grounds of the Great Spirit are not far away, for a few hours in these mountain solitudes means Lion, Tiger, Behemoth, Elephant, Rhinoceros and Giraffe. Sweet dreams are these on a moonlit sea, but you are at the landing place, and ‘The Ostrich Plume

Limited' is waiting to carry you on, and on, past Albert, Edward and Victoria Nyanza, the fountains of the Bahr-el-Azrek, Fashoda, Khartoom and the Six Cataracts of the Nilus Flood to Assouan, the longest dam, the largest artificial lake in the world and the greatest irrigation scheme ever planned, to Diospolis-Magna, Luxor, the Terrestrial home of Jupiter Ammon, Biban-el-Meluk with her broken sculpture, crumbling temples and six thousand years of history. Karnak's wondrous facade and spacious halls still smiles a welcome, but Twenty Stadium North and West the granite cliffs of the Hekatompylos, deep gashed and thunder riven, beckon, and Cairo with her Lotus-eaters and comparative study of humankind is near. Adown the banks of the Nilus. What memories stir the blood slow pulsing thro mine arteries! Israel and the land of Goshen; Moses and Amense; the Pillar of Fire and the First-Born slain; the Pyramids and Pharaoh, Alexandria, Cleopatra, Caesar and Antony. Behold a star is gleaming! Yes, the Ptolemys light-house, Colossus of Rhodes, has fallen, but a Radium globe has

taken its place and you are at your journey's end.

"The way of the Euphrates has been dried up that the way of the kings of the East might be prepared and already the iron horse is neighing across the Arabian sands and Mesopotamian hills from the Persian gulf to Jerusalem, where art achieved her proudest monument and poetry found her sublimest theme of song.

"A line from St. Petersburg to Beyruth has cleft the Caucasus and already rations for a mighty army are being stored in the Cedars of Libanus.

"Once more the forces of hate and destruction are converging in Palestine; again the Spirit of War is brooding over the Plain of Esdraelon—that battlefield of ancient nations. From Carmel to Mt. Gilboa; from Tabor to the Hills of Asher shall the lines extend, till, reeking with human blood, Kishon again runs crimson to the sea.

"THE DAY OF WRATH IS AT HAND."

PART SECOND.

Armageddon.

“Peace negotiations are broken. Diplomacy is at an end. The arbitrament of war is on. The nations of the world stand aghast. Yet for this hour all have been preparing. The standing armies, battle-ships and armored cruisers—what else could all this artillery of destruction mean? Martial music girdles the earth and fills the sky. From near and far the clans are gathering. The savagery in man is once more in the ascendant and must find expression in one supreme effort. The world’s Armageddon is on. ‘For nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows.’” Verily, I say unto you this nation (the Hebrews) shall not pass (from power) till all these things be fulfilled. The chronometer of the universe is strik-

ing Twelve: THE HOUR OF THE JEW HAS COME.

“Intoxicated by her triumph over Russia, Japan has inspired the people of Asia to demand in international diplomatic circles a recognition of the Monroe Doctrine as applied to Asiatics. This granted, emissaries of the Sunrise Kingdom have easily stirred the people of the Philippines and Hindostan to demand absolute self-government, also China to inaugurate a commercial war upon the United States on account of the harshness of her Chinese exclusion laws and also to insist that Chinese be admitted to equal privileges with European nations whose people desire to emigrate to America, while Islam and Buddha’s millions have risen in one heroic, half-frenzied effort to force back the tide of the Nazarine’s teaching.

France and Germany, forgetting old troubles on account of the common danger—Mongol invasion—have joined hands with Russia in a final attempt to crush Japan, while Italy and Turkey have separated on religious grounds.

“Thus the summer of 191— found the

armies of the world concentrating their engines of slaughter on the old battle field of nations—the plains of Megiddo. Extending from Mt. Carmel to Gilboa were the trained legions of the United States, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Austria and England, twenty millions in battle array, while northward from left to right, China, Turkey, Japan and India had thirty millions of stalwart defenders ranged along the Hills of Asher to Mt. Tabor. Defences of stone and earth reached the entire distance from the Great Sea to Jordan valley and a half million cannon of every range and calibre were massed in batteries on either side.

“As the sun rose over the heights of Gilead on the morn of Sept. 1st, 191—, five hundred thousand brazen throats spoke in tones of death from Carmel to Gilboa. The hosts of Buddha, Mohammed and Confucius responded with equal power and for four murderous hours the air was full of shrieking shot, hurtling shell and bursting bombs. Suddenly the hills of Asher became silent, the smoke of battle lifted, and down the slopes and across the

valley swept a million men with guns gleaming and banners flying, while fierce battle-cries rent the air and the earth trembled beneath their splendid tread. The infuriated hosts of Islam and Buddha with their red caps and shining bayonets seemed a river of blood mingled with fire cleft in twain by the saffron plumes of the Mongol horde. Up the slopes they come. They are met by sheeted flame—cannon balls mow great swaths thro their ranks, leaden hail smites them down in windrows—electric wires, blazing from mighty dynamos, scorch and wither thousands—under-ground nitro-glycerine magazines exploding creates havoc for a moment, but no earthly power can stop this human tide; higher and still yet higher it rolls, over the breastworks they go and swords flash blood-red in hand-to-hand conflict. The roar of artillery has ceased; friend and foe mingle in personal combat. 'Tis a struggle for self-preservation. The chug of bayonet and swish of sword, rush of charge and dying groans extends over hill and vale till the sun dips in the crimson tide of the great sea and night shuts out that aw-

ful scene. Slowly, sullenly, the Oriental warriors recross the Kishon, but they leave behind on those blood-stained heights one hundred thousand, lovers, husbands, fathers, silent in the embrace of death. Hoping for confusion and disorder that might change to panic, sunrise of the second witnessed seven hundred and fifty thousand Anglo-Saxons hurled like a human avalanche across the plain. The attempt was futile. All day long the battle ebbed and flowed, a mighty sea of death wherein valor and patriotism availeth not. Plainly it was a war of extermination, or universal peace; neither side could surrender; all should not die.

“The genius of destruction seemed to have entered this maelstrom of hell. To the awful carnage of deadly strife was added the horrors of Asiatic cholera on the one side and a scourge of black death on the other, and all aggravated by the hottest September Syria shall ever know.

“Driven to desperation by the intolerable stench of decaying bodies, the twentieth day saw cessation of hostilities, to bury the slain; over a million were laid in

unknown graves, but with reason dethroned and hate still in the ascendant on the morrow the struggle was on again.

“Certain it was, at Home, desire for peace on some terms was gaining ground. The absolute and utter crime of war was growing plain to all nations.

“Enervated by the intense heat, blinded by dust of the swirl and hurricane of charge and counter-charge, side by side with the dead putrefying in the trenches, the flower and manhood of the allied forces, day after day, week after week, resisted the onslaught of the seemingly ever increasing hosts of fanaticism and religious maniacs, who fought like furies rather than men, and revelled in destruction like fiends incarnate.

“So passed September’s thirty leagues of time, and October’s golden scroll began. A crescent of fire the moon hung in the sapphire vault where worlds are born, stars cradled and suns are wrapped in swaddling bands of fire. Meanwhile the sinews of war are gathered up by the sons of Abraham, and not a dollar on stocks or bonds could any government borrow with which

to prosecute the conflict. Like Hagar in the desert, the armies in the field seemed on the verge of famine when the sun of October ninth dipt into the western sea, leaving a trail of amber light that hung like a golden mist over the hills of Palestine while the contending armies were awed into a truce by an unnatural calm as often precedes some great calamity about to overtake the world's material forces. Are the laws of gravitation about to be suspended. Light and heat withdrawn? Consternation appeared on every face. Every heart trembled on the verge of panic. At nine P. M. the moon was gone—the plain of Esdraelon was silent as a tomb. When lo! a cohort of mailed warriors in forms of lambent flame swept down the valley, Saul (Israel's first king) in the lead. Benhadad and the Syrian horsemen soon followed, and then appeared in martial array the hosts of Joshua and Gideon, the Philistines and Samson, Goliath and Israel's poet king, the vassals of Persia and Egypt's heroes, Sennacherib and the ANGEL OF THE LORD, Tamerlane, Tancred, Richard of the Lion Heart, Sala-

din and the Crusaders. In sublime and entrancing pantomime the battles of the ages past were reproduced—the spear and shield, battle-axe and sword, fiery chargers and swift footmen, kings, princes and prophets,—one marvelous vision of the eternal failure of war and forces of hate to solve the earthly problems of the Offspring of God.

“As the fiery squadrons wheeled into spirit battle, now advancing, now retreating, a sickening sense of the awfulness of war was borne in upon the reason and conscience of the mighty armies of flesh and blood witnessing the God-revealed phenomena of the midnight hour upon the accursed plain.

“With the first streaking of dawn of October 10th, the vision passed. The impression indelible forever, remained.

“As the sun broke across the Galilean hills a strain of wondrous music swelled along the plain from Carmel’s heights to Jordan’s flashing tide. As the echoes, faint from farthest distance borne, ceased, a tremendous blast of bugles rent the air, and changing, a mighty voice became, from

out of the **EVERYWHERE** into the **HERE**, slowly, grandly saying, 'PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE LAND TO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF! THE YEAR OF JUBILEE HAS COME!'

"Thrilled forty million hearts! A universal shout of 'PEACE' arose till the hills seemed to reel and tremble as with an earthquake shock; Rabbi Ben Israel rode slowly adown the valley with a magnificent banner of pure white borne proudly aloft, inscribed with one word, 'PEACE' in letters of gleaming gold, that waved and tossed, a thing of life in the tranquil atmosphere as if by fitful breezes borne.

"The first to join him was the commander of the American forces, bearing aloft the Stars and Stripes, but above them streamed a pennant of white. England, Germany, France, Russia, Austria and Italy, all with white above, flags below, soon followed, and were quickly met by Japanese and the Hindostan, Ottoman Crescent and Cross, and the fiery dragons of SHIH-PA-SANG, all, all beneath the streamers of shimmering white.

“A proclamation of **UNIVERSAL AND EVERLASTING PEACE** was immediately signed by representatives of every nation,—dispatched to Beyrut,—cabled to every seat of government,—ratified and spread abroad in every land.

“The **SPIRIT** of everlasting **LOVE** has come to reign forevermore.”

PART THIRD.

Progress.

“Five years have passed into eternity. Years of absolute peace and world-wide prosperity. National debts everywhere have been paid in full,—a spirit of brotherhood and universal good-will is abroad in every land. The navies of the nations converted into merchant marine are busy with the commerce of the world. Receipts of the Panama Canal alone have been sufficient to satisfy every national obligation of the Americas, while the millions heretofore expended upon the army and navy have been invested in highways of comfort and free telephone lines for every Home. That bane of country life—isolation—removed, the congested population of the cities flowed out upon the farms, and wages rose in mills and factories, shops and stores, till the family income warranted setting the children free; and the Red Cross Society is being recognized in such a way as to provide homes and education for every child of misfortune.

“The reduction of taxes alone in Oriental lands has warranted the opening at public expense, Chautauquas and public libraries in every community; also pleasure parks with magnificent art galleries and pavilions where trained orchestras discourse matchless music every evening of the year. So pronounced has been the favor of the people for these better things that beer-gardens and wine rooms have been abolished from want of human beings who would waste their lives in everlasting shame.

“The Spirit of Universal Justice enthroned in a majority of lives, Hope gilds every face, and ignorance and superstition, children of hate and fear, have given place to knowledge and wisdom. Business has come to mean friendship, and government the highest exponent of love: That maelstrom of destruction for manhood and bottomless pit for money, the Standing Army, has become a fountain of blessing, productive energy, in every realm of human desire, and the face of planet Earth is fast becoming a garden of Delight,—A paradise

without a tempter, an inheritance without a stain.

“By means of underground waterways the Nilus is fast converting the Great Desert into an empire of material splendor that shall call forth the admiration of the world and **SAHARA** shall yet become the **HOME** of a self-reliant and happy people,—the ages-oppressed-long-suffering sons of Ham.

“By universal consent and the everlasting laws of Truth and Right, Palestine belongs to **ISRAEL**. Gathered there ere long shall be the splendid remnant of that mighty people who have wrought the perpetual miracle of maintaining their personal identity, customs, laws, governments and heroic virtues without a country,—without a Home, thro Two Thousand years of unflagging persecution, wherein Millions have suffered wanton cruelties and violent martyrdom, unprovoked, yet thro all have ever led in the far-flung battle-line of progress, gracing every age, enriching every land, inspiring all people with the very Genius of unsullied and unfading greatness. Call the Roll of earth’s greatest in every realm! Summon the

dead to life from Mesopotamia westward thro Three Hundred and Sixty Degrees of terrestrial Longitude! Round the Cape of Good Hope in every worthy achievement! Scour the broad Pacific of Time even to the Golden Gate of Eternity,—Statecraft, Poesy, Music, Art, Finance,—Moses, David, Raphael, Angelo, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Rothschilds, Disraeli,—and fathom if you can the vision of Jehovah's promise—'I will bless thee and make thee a blessing.'"

"Vigorous from the loom of suffering with infinite patience borne, the King to his own has come.

"Oh Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Streams of honor and blessing shall yet flow from thy gates to Mount and sea in every land.

"In the Pyrenees, Alps, Ural, Caucasus, Himalayas, Ghauts and Altai mountains unmeasurable water power has been developed, and electric car lines extend all over Europe and Asia, with the result that dialects and tribal relations have been broken down, and social and business intercourse unrestricted makes for mutual appreciation and respect, and the vast multitudes

that have lived in hopelessness and desperation are fast exploring the wonders of the new worlds abounding on every hand at their very doors, while facile transportation has banished famine, and what was worse,—the fear of it.

“In the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains hot springs abound, and following their underground channels vast beds of radium were found. Pyramids of this original source of Light and Heat (substance of the central Sun of our Universe) have been erected at frequent intervals across northern Europe and Asia, resulting in such a modification of temperature that these magnificent areas have become the most desirable agricultural regions, thus relieving the unpleasant conditions of the overcrowded populations that have for centuries blocked the ways of moral and individual progress.

“In the extremely cold portions of the earth liquid air factories have been established, and liquid air is piped to all equatorial regions. These factories consist of steel flues one thousand feet high, with suction fans at the bottom. From thence the atmosphere, greatly reduced in temper-

ature, is forced through a series of vaults and pipes that alternately expand and compress it till liquefaction is reached. Ozone, electricity and oxygen thus combined, have proved an absolute remedy for Tuberculosis in every form, and the White-Death-Scourge is limited to the present generation.

"Thus shall be consummated earth's physical redemption, and all her forces and powers become subject to man's dominion to conserve the health, happiness and progress of a race destined to ultimate perfection.

"**PEACE, PATIENCE, LOVE!** Unconquered, unconquerable, immortal powers! These three shall work their ways sublimely on to universal dominion and their victories shall be as enduring as the light of the fixed stars, their reign as glorious as the presence of the Infinite God in an eternal **EDEN**.

"Six thousand slow revolving years have passed since I was born; Highest expression of Humanity's loftiest Ideal wrought in enduring stone. I stand thro all ages for **ABSOLUTE SELF-CONTROL**

and EVERLASTING PEACE,—Sublime attributes of the EVER-LIVING GOD.”

High in the heavens a golden ball by viewless hands of gravitation swung, the moon flooded the Earth with a splendid radiance, lighted the tranquil face with infinite charm and kissed the placid Nilus with unfading glory as the midnight hour returned me safe to Cairo.

THE FRUITS OF PEACE.

With the heresy of war expunged from the catalog of human affairs, all tides of mortal energy flowed in streams of blessing that wrought abundant prosperity in all material lines; but most pronounced was the leaven of progress in personal uplift to mind, conscience and aspiration, which not simply renovated, but absolutely re-created the basis of character: Lofty purposes and holy ambitions possessed all thot and life: Unconquered mind and Freedom's holy flame blazed the ascending pathway for an exalted patriotism which expressed itself in an enthusiasm for the maintenance of government, her laws and ordinances.

To live for one's country. To preserve and conserve the dignity and glory of highest citizenship became a passion among the youth of the world. Everywhere the reach and grasp of finer sensibilities and keener susceptibilities became apparent. Rapidly and permanently all the higher virtues were invested with the

charm of heroism. Courage was no longer considered as simply a physical trait, but entering the realm of **TRUTH** men dared to quit white-lying and legal trickery,—abandoned diplomacy that sought to outwit the other fellow (tho still employing splendid skill and finesse in every worthy enterprise) and standing in the open invited inspection of motive whether in business or politics. Both men and women came to see that moral excellence and personal worth should be the standard of social rank, rather than wealth that too often flowed in streams of debasement.

Out of this new interpretation of the social order came a generation of children no longer hedged by artificials,—not cut and plugged to size,—but natural. The genius of each one developed under inspiration of highest motives and absolute freedom, the scope and field of educational attainment is infinitely widened.

Not simply five, but scores of senses are manifested. Extraordinary powers physical, musical, intuitive, hitherto regarded as **GIFTS** and their possessors as "**FREAKS**," are now known to be but

normal conditions for mankind and the creations of inventive genius necessary to satisfy the new conditions have led to unlimited fields for business and governmental effort.

Instead of millions for battleships, gatling-guns and other magazines of destruction, governments now appropriate millions for schools of **INVENTION**, where sons and daughters of a race of ever-increasing longevity reign as kings and queens in the realms of discovery or creative force, or serve as priests and priestesses in the temples of domestic happiness across whose thresholds no shadow of war or pestilence ever falls, for with right-thinking and living almost every form of disease and scourge has vanished from the earth.

Relieved from the financial burdens of war, with the millions of men who composed standing armies returned to industrial pursuits and producing wealth instead of destroying it, the resources of nations have so tremendously increased that ample provision has been made for all unfortunates as well as criminals, the slums of cities

have been almost abated and poverty and crime have almost ceased to exist.

With the reign of perennial peace came an appreciation of the real value of life,—its range and register clearly defined gave new zest and wider interpretation of manhood,—an exalted **MANHOOD** that was more than surface polish, beyond esthetic culture, above all earthly rank partaking of divine permanency and greatness, as the standard of desire and hope of attainment.

With no spirit of war, ghost of vengeance, nor phantom of destruction racing thru heart and brain in the earth-life watches of the soul, all deformities of Desire and Disposition (as well as of body) largely disappeared and a well-balanced self-controlled, beautiful race multiplied and replenished the earth and received for **INHERITANCE**, dominion over all material forces.

Thus was consummated man's physical regeneration, ever-inspired and led on by "**THE PRINCE of PEACE.**"

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA.

CONSERVATION OF NATURAL
RESOURCES.

My purpose holds—

To sail beyond the limit of seasons,
And the pathways of all wandering stars,
Till I reach the TREE of LIFE,
In the midst of the GARDEN of HOPE,
And eating thereof, live forevermore.

How large the life in the GARDEN of HOPE;
How sweet the fruit of the TREE of LIFE;
How mighty the strength that surely can cope
With the spirit of Shadow, Darkness and
Strife.

How matchless the vision of Growth and of
Growing;

How sweet to the senses; Oh the infinite span
Of the healing and feeling and rapture of
Knowing

The mysteries and wonders and glories of
MAN.

“New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth.
We must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.

Lo! before us gleam her campfires;
We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly
Thru the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal
With the past's blood-rusted key."

When the Bell of Destiny summons to the hereafter and the gray night of Time fades into the crimson of Eternity's morn, it will be found that most of our ills have been imaginary; that the calamity howler has been the worst foe of progress; the demagogue the most troublesome pest of the ages; the pessimist the most dangerous microbe that ever afflicted humanity.

Ever since Pharaoh instructed the midwives of Egypt to strangle the male children of Israel, "Lest the Hebrews crowd us out of the land and we be homeless," the exhaustion of the public lands has been a favorite cry of the political shepherds of every nation. And yet, viewed from the standpoint of bread-stuffs, the world today is larger and richer than ever before.

Not to draw too fine a point, let it be roughly stated that from the Dakotas northward for a thousand miles stretch the

virgin soils of Canada and British Columbia, rich in all the elements of wheat-growing and favorable to highest civilization. While the great Plains of Argentine Republic, South America, could grow food-stuffs for all of Europe for centuries to come.

As far back as '97, Siberia's frozen steeps produced three hundred thousand tons of potatoes, with possible capacity of millions, while her mines yielded in thirty years, half a billion of gold, and yet we think of her, and have been taught to think of her as a barren waste of snow and ice.

To the above let there be added the millions of acres being reclaimed by irrigation in America, Africa and India. Above all these place the fact of intense farming. With improved methods, five acres now produces more of the eatables of life than fifty acres did a few years ago.

In fact, one enterprising American advertises to show a comfortable living for a family from twenty hens and the rear end fragment of a city lot.

That man ought to be hailed with the

ECLAT of a Columbus, receive a gold medal for meritorious services to his country,—be brevetted a Brigadier General in the realm of Finance, and have his name inscribed in the **HALL of FAME** by a grateful people.

If a blessing is pronounced upon a man who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, how much more honor ought this genius to have who piles up heaps of dollars where nothing was visible before, and also adds to the gayety of nations and the entertainment of his neighbors by the songs of thoroughbred hens?

“The world’s supply of fuel is about burned out, and as for timber to build cities, there soon will not be enough left to grow sprouts sufficient to whip bad girls with.”

So shouts the demagogue and would-be statesman; and yet there are billions of feet of untouched forests in Oregon alone, while more millions of tons of coal are today within easy reach of railroads’ transportation than was ever before known. The golden fringe of day dawning upon

the Dark Continent brings to view the emerald foliage of more timber than has been cut since Columbus discovered America. Add to this all the underground oceans of crude petroleum whose mighty fountains are being touched by diamond drills all round the world, and the new processes for reinforced concrete and structural steel that engineers are daily offering to growing cities and begin to understand that this old world has not yet attained her prime. That the "barrel of meal has not wasted, the cruse of oil has not failed."

With vision cleared and hope renewed, let us swing the TELESCOPE of PROGRESS away from the slow ascending plains of material resources to the cloudless peaks and unmeasured heights of that limitless realm of man's energy, progress and possibilities.

The waste of all peoples in all lands in all centuries past in all other lines cannot equal, by any standard of measurement, the waste of war alone, namely—MILLIONS OF HUMAN LIVES—and still we cry out for increased armies and enlarged

navies. If we really mean business, let us be consistent.

Administer the ordinances of PEACE to the affairs of nations and enforce them upon the conscience of mankind by the persuasions and visions of prosperity and real progress, and the conservation of the world's natural resources will assume a form and vigor that will enlarge the orbit of a world and cause the powers of darkness to sit up and take notice.

HUMAN LIFE IS THE GREATEST NATURAL RESOURCE OF THE UNIVERSE.

But what has all this to do with airship squadrons hovering about the poles, sailing thru luminous pathways of comets, whose orbits and habits of flight are as yet undetermined—or a summer outing trip to Mars?

Simply this: Young people need to get a vision of largeness. Need to get out of the whirlpools and eddies of the current of time,—away from the merry-go-round of scientific limitations,—into the broad, swift-flowing channels of WISDOM that

break from the **FOUNTAINS** of **INTELLIGENCE** and **CREATIVE POWER** that direct winds and tides, sunshine and storms, and hold a universe in their grasp. Need to understand that next to **GOD**, Man is the largest and most wonderful being ever created. Need to know that as all fruits and fowls and animals and grasses and grain have been improved only by being operated upon by a higher intelligence, even so Man himself can be improved only as directed and inspired by a higher intelligence.

Need to get out of the guide lines of Latitude that have always limited man's progress around the world to commercial lines and slow-changing seasons. Need to sail **GOD'S** Longitudinal world, where seasons change in an hour, and fauna, flora and climate, mark **STANDARD TIME** with the pendulum of epochs.

Need to know that "There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

Need to know that this old world is and always has been the object of creative watch-care and love.

108 TO THE POLES BY AIRSHIP

Need to know that "The eternal God is our refuge and underneath are the Everlasting Arms."

If this much has been learned from our trip around the world endways, we shall have made the greatest discovery possible to mankind and our reward is infinitely great.

Dear young people:—My song is ended; my story done.

When your voyaging is over, your sailing past,
may you rest on the shores of everlasting life—

Where living waters forever flow,
Where trees of beauty and healing grow.

—VALE.

THE AFTERGLOW.

The light falls softly over the hills,
As in autumn days of the Long-Ago.
The thrush's song by the woodland rills—
And the plaintive voice of the whippoorwills—
With memories sweet my being thrills—
And the tender light of the Afterglow
Brings rest and peace; rest and peace.

Forgetting age and its weight of pain,
A boy again I roam the fields;
The cow-bell's jingle I hear again—
Barefooted splash thru mud and rain—
Breathe fragrance-sweet of new-cut grain.
Earth, sea and sky new beauty yields
From worry and care, sweet release; sweet
release.

Sometime, somewhere in the Afterglow
I shall pass the heights of time and place;
Where living waters forever flow—
Where trees of beauty and healing grow—
In the spirit-world I shall surely know
The welcome smile of my Father's face;
Be led in paths of peace; perfect PEACE.

Part III
TWENTIETH CENTURY POEMS
THE DESERT.

There is a wondrous fascination in her wide-flung desolation,

And a splendid nerve and courage that solitudes inspire.

There is a fierce determination born of Hope's glad inspiration,

With the light and life and gladness of Ambition's holy fire.

She has days for languorous pleasure under skies of wondrous azure,

She has crimson dawns, and sunsets that with richest saffron glow.

She has every scenic treasure, beyond mortal pen to measure,

When the sun has flamed her grizzled buttes agleaming white with snow.

When the purple twilight changes into night across her ranges,

And a soft and subtle radiance floods the earth and low arched sky,

Stands she then in wondrous glory, matchless theme for song or story,

Clothed in tranquil nameless splendor, most entrancing to the eye.

TO THE POLES BY AIRSHIP 111

Over silent sagey washes flames the sign of
gains and losses
That allured the empire builders in the days
of Forty-Nine,
Silver-prowed in days of olden, now they're
copper-hued or golden,—
Ships of fortune, treasure laden, proudly
swinging into line.

She has matchless lights and shadows over
vast but grassless meadows;
She has prehistoric cities that with magic
mirage grow;
Also crystal lakes and fountains nestled in
among the mountains,
While adown her sun-baked washes streams
of mighty volume flow.

Till the soul is lost in wonder, fadeless scenes
of phantom splendor
She will surely bring you from the realms
of legends bold;
Facts and fancies she will render of romances
strong but tender,
That alone in voiceless language of the
desert can be told.

Land of legend and tradition, hopes renewed
and high ambition,
Land where men of largest genius for their
souls true freedom found,
Land of vague, mysterious longing, truth to
other world belonging,
Land where health and deepest wisdom doth
forever more abound.

A DESERT RAIN.

The rain was falling very fast,
The wind blew fiercely down the wash;
It pulled my tent stakes up at last
And blew me out of bed, b'gosh.

It swelled my apples nice and plump,
To batter turned a sack of flour;
I tell you, sirs, it made me hump
To keep real sweet in that dark hour.

I couldn't sleep a single wink
For holding on to bed clothes tight,
And if I wandered round I'd sink
To knees in mud, on that fierce night.

There is no loss 'thout some small gain:
The storm that pushed my castle o'er
Swept every rat past earthly pain,
Not one was left beneath that floor.

So now I live serene and blest,
No rats to gnaw my sour-dough bread,
Nor scamper 'cross my peaceful breast
When I am snugly tucked in bed.

THE OLD PROSPECTOR.

There's a man with pick and shovel
Camped beside a granite spring;
Every day he's panning gravel,
Every day I hear him sing:
"Struck it rich in Colorado,
Guess I'll find some pay dirt here—
Then go home to wife and babies,
Bring them joy and hope and cheer.
"Staked a claim in Boise basin,
Quicked a thousand many a day;
Heard of better things in Klondike,
Sold my claim and walked away;
Lost my all on Chilkoot passes,
Snowslide caught me, went dead broke;
Since then life holds naught but ashes,
All my finds go up in smoke."

Thus I heard this hero singing
As I paused upon my way,
And I feel his tribe is bringing
Wealth of empire day by day;
Founding states in quiet fashion,
Building railroads o'er the plain,
Quiet, patient, hopeful genius,
Deserves to strike it rich again.

Kindly heart, tho' hands are caloused,
Streaks of gray his temples crown;
Tho' he's broke (or mighty near it,)
Don't you think he will lay down.

114 TO THE POLES BY AIRSHIP

Ever cheerful, hopeful, buoyant,
Still the time for him must come,
When from out life's purple canyons
He must hit the trail for home;

Pack the burro, throw the diamond,
Leave the sluice box far behind;
Cache the shovel, horn and rocker,
Bare his breast before the wind;
Hark, the call from o'er the mountains,
Speed thee toward the setting sun;
Never fear, he'll reach life's fountains,
For his work has been well done.

Now he looks with hunger-longing,
To a land not far away;
To a home of peace and plenty,
In the realms of endless day;
To that land beyond the river,
Where prospectors can't grow old,
Where the hills are rich in silver
And the streets are paved with gold.

HOW THE ALMIGHTY PAINTS.

Morning.

Storm-dark cloud 'gainst heaven's blue,
 Lightning-flash by thunder's roar attended—
 Plains, meadows, woodland flushed with dew,
 Rainbow tints with bursts of sunshine
 blended.
 Night's curtain folded; Stars at rest,
 Orchestral airs of winds and waves in chorus,
 Flames streaks athwart the blushing east—
 Morning, glorious morning streaming o'er us.

Noon.

Wealth of sunshine falling o'er the world,
 Illumines mountain, plain and cool retreat;
 Like quivering lances penciled rays are hurled,
 In color-surges o'er fields of wind swept
 wheat;
 In cataracts it rolls, o'er fleecy films of clouds,
 Till vast creation thrills with life and power,
 And all the earth in matchless witching mood,
 Proclaims life's zenith in the noontide hour.

Night.

Low-arched to earth the heavens bend,
 The wind-harps thrummed and soothed to
 rest,—
 The shades of night with days rich colors blend,
 The sun has marked a trail of glory in the
 west;
 God's hand hath set the evening star,
 So low it soon must pass from sight,
 Beyond the purple hills; and ocean's bar,
 Shall darkened be: 'tis calm and holy night.

MOTHER'S ROOM.

'Twas very small, a baby's nest,
(Ten feet or less by seven)
Yet large enough to hold earth's best,
And all I think of heaven;
Where Mother sewed and Mother cried,
And all our tears of sorrow dried,
With tender loving kisses.

From out this room at morn we went,
All girded for life's work or play,
And here we always were content,
To rest awhile at close of day;
Its peace and calm our footsteps lured,
And all our aches and pains were cured,
By Mother's pats and kisses.

Oh, blessed spot to memory dear,
Oh, land of childhood's matchless dreams;
Thy memory still my heart doth cheer,
Still thru my soul thy glory streams;
Where quickly cured was every grief,
And mother's presence brought relief,
With low sung lullabies and kisses.

Oh, Mother dear, my heart doth yearn,
To know thy voice and love again,
And oft thru memory still I turn,
To thy dear arms for ease from pain—
To have thine arms around me thrown—
And call me once again thine own,
And bless my face with kisses.

God grant again that Mother's room,
May be my habitation;
When far beyond all clouds and gloom,
Long past earth's strong vexation,
Oh, lead me then to Mother's room,
Beyond the clouds, beyond the tomb,
My Mother's room in Heaven.

I KNOW NOT.

I know not when the chord shall break
That binds thee to this world of Time;
I know not when thy soul shall take
Its flight for some serener clime;
I know not when that other land
Shall need the light thy presence gives,
I know not when some angel band
Shall bear thee where thy Saviour lives;
But this I know, so sweet a life
Must some day pass to heavenly plains,
Must leave behind all pain and strife
To live where God forever reigns.

Must reach that fount from whence it draws
The Light and Love that brightly shines,
Through highest truth and holy laws
That keeps and saves by power divine.
Must breathe the air that angels know,
Must live beside that splendid river
Where trees of Life in beauty grow
And live with God for aye and ever.

I'M LONGING FOR YOU.

We have splendid mornings bright and fair,—
With cloudless skies and tonic air,—
And scenic beauty everywhere,—
But oh, I'm longing for you.

At sultry noon a dreamy spell,
Whose languorous ease no words can tell,
Comes o'er my soul, (I love it well),
But still I'm longing for you.

There are twilight hours of wondrous calm,—
That fall o'er mind and heart like balm,—
Or rhythm and flow of sacred psalm,
But still I'm longing for you.

There is work to do and plans to lay,—
There is care and busy care all day,—
But still my thought will flee away,—
Dear heart, I'm longing for you.

Foul or fair, by land or sea,—
Best or worst, whate'er it be,—
Counts for naught away from thee,—
Evermore, I'm longing for you.

Your love makes bright each darkened way,—
Your presence gladdens every day,—
I'm lonesome when from you I stay,—
Sweet wife, I'm longing for you.

THE CHILDREN'S BURDEN.

Talk not to me of "men with hoes,"
Nor of burdens on the white man lain;
I come to speak of children's woes,
To tell of nerve and mental strain,
Of boys and girls in public school,
Reduced to nervous wreck by rule,
For seven thousand this way went,
Whom to the schools were last year sent.

At three to kindergarten sent, and when
The tale of bricks is done, and papers
Nicely folded, or perchance in mats
Of various fashion formed,
The race is on.

To gain the prize no effort must be spared,
Nor yet the paling cheek and muscles
Flaccid grown, considered be; for these,
You know, to culture and refinement,
The outward symbols are;
While hollow eyes and headache speak
Of mental poise; and discipline of
Mind exalted high is more desired
Than health and other common things.

"Keep off the grass," nor yet,
By quiet waters 'neath shade-trees run,
Tomorrow is: examination must be borne
In seven branches (written work)
And less than ninety is disgrace.

So hot and fevered is the brain, that
Slumber tardy comes, and troubled with
Mutterings; broken is rest, and the heart,
Robbed of its growing time, no longer
Blood supplies for lunches cold;
Indigestion lays its murderous hand
On nerve and brain; the end is nigh.

'Tis time to speak of (mysterious Providence),
With choking voice, but the truth is,
A false standard of education has
Upon ambition's altar
A another victim placed.

And truly the sacrifice is whole—
Intellect alone remains: the spirit-soul
Has never cultivated been;
The moral powers are undermined,
Because to accident is left their development.
No text book in all their realm;
Ambition's holy fires are kindled,
Not, save to light the way for brains;
Farther on in college halls (that realm of myth)
Is found the torch of reason,
By whose flickering light, **Faith**,
Is entombed in the grave-yard
Of dead languages.
Spectre hosts of heathen gods
As sponsors stand, when doubt is born;
Wrapt in science clothes,
(Those swaddling bands of hell)
Into the business world they go,
Cold and keen as the surgeon's knife;
Their motto: "Every man a rogue
Till honest proved." Everything is questioned,
Money alone is the measure of success.

On with the dance of death; be still
About these dangers, speak not the truth,
Lest you be pessimist in heart and will,
Old fogey, out-of-date, uncouth.

DO IT NOW!

'Tis well to sing of a home on high,
(But the world needs workers now).
Of a palace home far beyond the sky,
Of great things we'll do by and by,
But the world wants work done now.

In conventions we oftentimes enthuse,
(The world needs work right now)
Resolve all our powers we'll use,
But many times neglect or refuse,
To do our best—just now.

Come, lend a hand to the poor and weak,
The world needs this work now;
The broken hearts some kind words speak,
And keep your own life sweet and meek,
Do your best, do it now!

Go help that soul out of sin and pain,
This help is needed now;
Till it stands straight for truth again,
In cold or heat, or snow, or rain,
Do the best you can; work now.

This day is the best day for you,
The world is calling now,
For God and man be strong and true,
Be helpers many or be they few,
Do your best, Oh, do it now!

A WOMAN'S HEART.

Go scour the earth and sweep the land;
 Go search the angels' quiet home,
 Go visit all the shining stars
 That gleam in Heaven's sapphire dome.
 Go bring the wealth of ages past,
 Earth's jewels rare,—all works of Art,—
 Bring all the songs of seraph choir,
 Then go and win a woman's heart.
 Go place them in a balance fine,
 All treasures gleaned from everywhere,
 The wealth of stars and seas and land,
 All works of art and jewels rare;
 Against them weigh a woman's heart,
 A heart of love to hold in thrall;
 You will find a Christian woman's Love
 Will surely far outweigh them all.

LOVE'S WIRELESS.

It flashes from her sparkling eyes,
 I caught it from her finger-tips;
 It came (as lightning from the skies)
 When first I kissed her rosy lips.

Love thrilled her song with tender strain;
 Love glinted from her waving hair;
 By day—by night, Love's sweet refrain
 Now breaks in music everywhere.

SPRING FEVER.

I long for hills and leafy woods
Where streams come tumbling down;
I long to leave far, far behind
The pavements hot and brown.

I long to rest where nature sheds
Dewdrops and fragrance sweet;
To substitute the winding trail
For trolley-crowded street.

I long to hunt and fish and dream
Where feathered songsters call;—
Where eagles rush and bob-cats scream
Near thunderous waterfall.

I long to leave all work behind;
To take slow quiet ease
From all restraint of any kind
And do just as I please.

MY WISH FOR THEE.

I would that today through woodland ways
By the pools of a sparkling river
Where autumn leaves a carpet weaves,
That with shadows and sunlight quiver,
You might slowly walk and quietly talk
With the soul of your own soul's choosing,
Or rest on the leas 'neath the stately trees,
While soul held soul in a double musing.

I would that for thee 'midst wild-flowers and
trees,
Forgotten all heartaches and sorrow
The prophet of ways for thy life's autumn
days
Naught could picture but a sweeter tomorrow.
Till a beauty and glow like the autumn days
throw
Over woodlands and swift flowing river
Reflected should be in soul chosen by thee,
And your soul should be mated forever.

OUR BOYS.

Oh! Bless the boys! The baby boys,
In long white skirts and dresses;
With rosy cheeks and dimpled hands—
With curls and golden tresses.

And bless the boys some later on
In kilts and knickerbockers;
They rode the dining chairs for steeds,
Made railroad trains of rockers.

Then bless the boys with bat and ball,
With marbles, tops; with bows and arrows;
When sick with croup—with colic wild
We trod with them life's narrows;
And bless the boys when school days came,
When first from home they started;
Both glad and sad we watched them go.
Our Babies had departed.

Ah, no! They are our Babies still,
Though near to manhood grown;
Each day they draw around our hearts
New ties before unknown.
Each day we love them more and more;
They bring our deepest joys;
God keep them safe for earth and Heaven,
Our own sweet darling boys.

WHERE DWELLEST THOU?

In lowlands damp, with poisoned air,

In canyons dark with mid-day gloom,—

Where prejudice and ignorance are,

And blatant self fills all the room;

On sunlit mesas bright and fair,

On mountain heights with glory kist;

Mid wonder scenes and tonic air,

With rainbow-lights and halo-mist.

Ye men and maidens answer now

This question fair, Where dwellest Thou?

In palace high or hovel low,—

In brown-stone front or cabin rude?

It is not this that I would know,

But o'er what truth thy heart doth brood.

Does high born zeal and lofty plan

Engage your mind and thrill your heart,—

Does cheer and help for every man

Appeal to you as noblest art?

To this, your aim and purpose vow,

A matchless realm, where dwellest Thou.

Up, onward now to highest things;

Drink deep the joy achievement brings;

To all that's best now lend thy aid,—

For progress stand. Be not afraid;

Unconquered mind and daring soul

(If purpose true once gain control),

To seas unsailed, to lands unknown,
Thou shalt attain and claim thine own.
All lands, all realms before thee bow
To homage pay. Where dwellest Thou.

Thy path illumed by sacred fire
Leads straight to land of Heart's Desire;
Where charm and glory rule the days
And every hour is glad with praise.
Fill full thy life with noblest deeds;
Thy Soul's best, give for human needs;
Uplift, sustain, the rights of man,—
Build only Love on Wisdom's plan.
Let all the world bring tribute now.
A great soul dwells where dwellest Thou.

THE HOMEWARD TRAIL.

The homeward trail is calling,
To the kiss and the sunny smile,
Where peace and calm are falling,
And living is worth the while;
There's help in time of trouble,
There's love that's deep and strong,
A face that more than doubles
My joys the whole day long.

There's a something (can't define it)
That races my being thru,
(If I would I couldn't decline it),
That comes along with you;
That lifts me out of the present,
That brings content and rest,
That makes my way all pleasant,
And every day most blest.

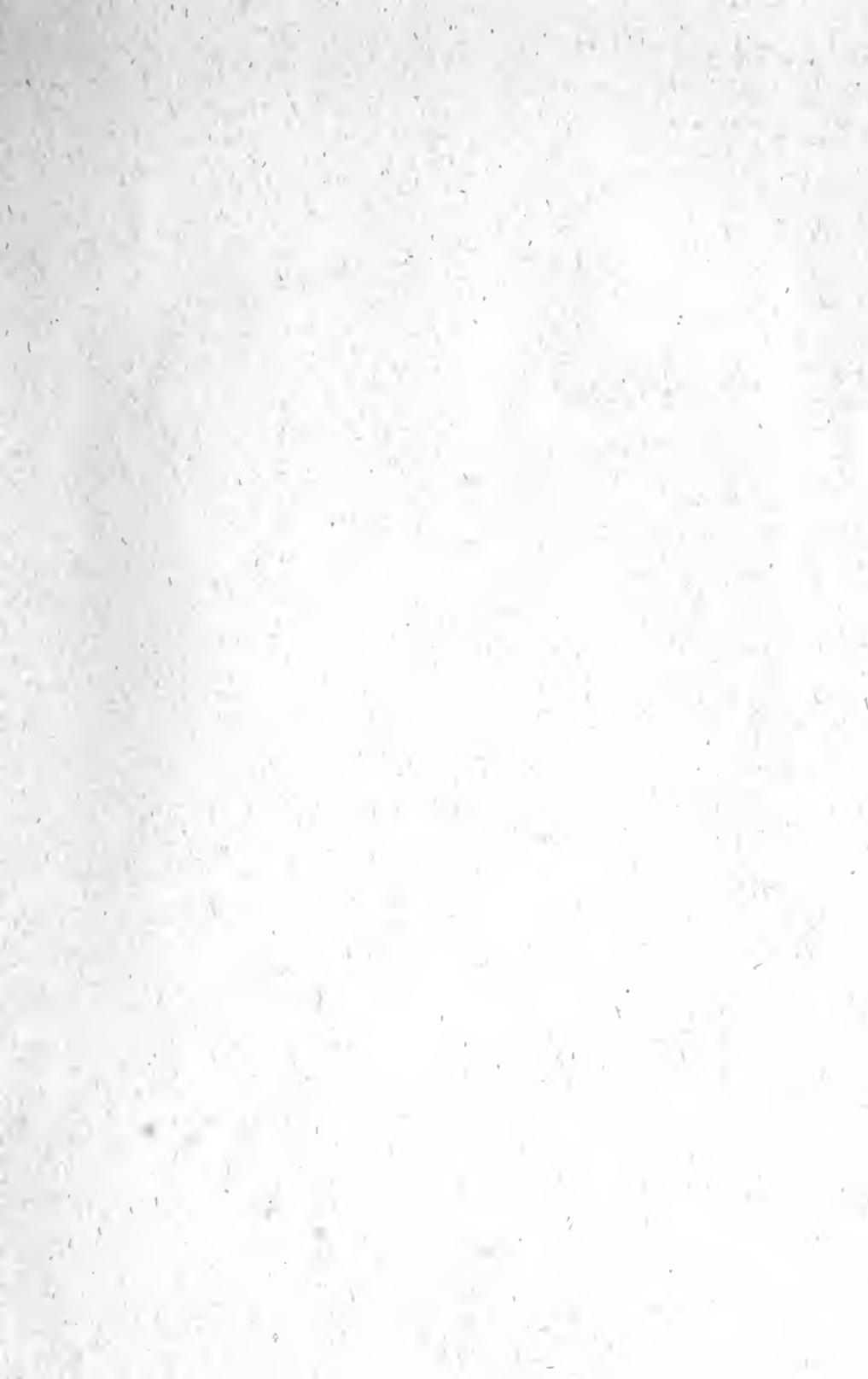
There's something about you, darling,
That's more than a "woman's way,"
Rich as the song of a starling,
On wing at the break of day,
That inspires to noble endeavour,
The pure, the good, the true,
Thru days and years—forever,
I'm looking upward to you.

Sometimes I catch the vision,
Then it's off and away again,
And my soul is left at tension,
That is close akin to pain;

Then the lilt and rapturous glory,
Of your sunny hazel eyes,
As a sweet and happy story,
Lifts me up to the skies.

So the homeward trail keeps calling,
My pulse beats wild and high,
To my soul is this absence galling,
As the days drag slowly by;
So over the hills and mountains,
To the ocean's shoreless blue,
To the soul-inspiring fountains
Of a love that is strong and true.

Forever this call is coming,
To the home in the unseen land,
And ever my heart turns homing,
Led by your loving hand;
I long for the peace and quiet,
Your presence brings to me,
Your rocker with mine close by it,
To rest, sweet rest, with thee.



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